

Volume 3

May, 1921

Comp

Number 1



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ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

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The Grail

A POPULAR EUCHARISTIC MONTHLY PUBLISHED BY THE BENEDICTINES

With Episcopal Approbation

Volume 3

ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, MAY, 1921

Number 1

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The beautiful month of May is surely a suitable time for launching the first number of each succeeding volume of THE GRAIL. We have placed our little paper under the protection of Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament and have begged her to obtain the blessing of heaven for ourselves and for our readers. This May we turn to page one of volume three.

For two years we have been struggling hard for "a place in the sun" and we feel that we have at last secured a congenial sunny spot on a gentle southern slope where we may bask occasionally in the smiling sunshine. Our subscription list has mounted by leaps and bounds without, however, filling our coffers, yet we are gratified to know that we have been able to meet all necessary expenses.

The future, open-mouthed, stares us in the face. Although in the past we have been unable to serve our patrons as we could have desired, yet a number of our readers have spoken very kind and encouraging words to us. We hope that the near future may enable us to render more efficient service—before patience ceases to be a virtue. In previous numbers we have mentioned the very unfavorable circumstances under which we are forced to labor—lack of equipment, absolute need of more floor space, etc. But a ray of light looms up in the distance. Our business manager has just purchased another Miehle press with self-feeder and extension table. When installed, this ought to enable us to get THE GRAIL out in half the time that is now required. As a temporary measure an addition which is sufficiently large to accommodate the new press, will be built on to the present plant; the mailing list with the wrapping, addressing, and mailing of the copies, will be placed elsewhere. All this will, of course, take time, perhaps even several months may elapse before these improvements can be completed and put in operation. We beg our readers to continue to bear with us until such time as circumstances will permit us to do better.

We are grateful, indeed, to Almighty God and to the Blessed Mother for the many blessings showered upon

us during the past two years. We also deeply appreciate the many favors that our readers and other friends have bestowed upon us. May God reward them all. We would repeat that we number among our benefactors all who in any way assist us and that on each day of the year a High Mass is offered up for all our benefactors. Of course it is understood that Almighty God will reward each according to his individual merits.

May

The month of May with its wealth of flowers is especially dedicated to the glorious Mother of God. Both in public and in private our Blessed Mother is venerated by her grateful children. Fresh flowers are kept on her altars, bedeck her shrines, and ornament her images and pictures in the home. The sweet odors that the flowers exhale are a perpetual incense that mute nature offers to our Queen. Litanies and rosaries are devoutly said to obtain her powerful intercession with God or to thank her for favors obtained. The honors that are paid to Mary do not detract from the honor due to God, for the honor that is paid to the mother redounds to the glory of her Son. God is not only not offended when we honor Mary, whom He honored above every other human being, but He even shows His pleasure by more readily granting us what we ask through her intercession.

Mary is called the Star of the Sea. We are tossed about on the sea of life, buffeted by the waves of trial, of affliction, of sorrow, of suffering, let us look up to our Star. If we pilot our ship by our guiding Star, we shall safely ride the waves, brave the storms, and sail into port, the haven of eternal rest.

May opens with the feast of the Apostles St. Philip and St. James the Less. On the three following days the Church from ancient times holds processions, chants Litanies, and begs God to bless the fields that they may yield a plentiful harvest. In Catholic countries and in the Catholic neighborhoods of our country the faithful gather in their parish churches and go in reverent procession mid chant and prayer to some near-by

chapel or parish, or return to their own church to attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass which is offered up to obtain the blessing of God on the growing crops.

The Finding of the Holy Cross, which we celebrate on the 3rd, was a source of great joy and happiness to St. Helena, the mother of Constantine. This sacred relic is one of the most precious treasures in St. Peter's Church at Rome.

Ascension Day falls on May 5. The ascension of our Lord, resplendent in glory, attended by angelic choirs, surrounded by the glorified souls that had been detained in Limbo, was a fitting reward for His humiliations on earth, His suffering and ignominious death on the cross. Brilliant with heavenly splendor, the Savior vanished from the sight of the Apostles and entered into eternal glory, where He has reserved a place for us.

Ten days after the Ascension, under the form of tongues of fire, the Holy Spirit like a mighty wind came down upon the Apostles. Being filled with zeal and fortitude, they dared to go out into the world to spread the sweet message of Christ. Formerly timid, but now bold and fearless, they went forth to give testimony unto their Master, ready, if need be, to shed their blood in defence of His doctrine. In Confirmation we also received the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Ghost. Have we the courage of our convictions? Can we stand up and defend our faith?—During Pentecost week the ordinations take place in various parts of the globe. By the imposition of hands the Holy Spirit will be conferred upon many young men. Pray for them that they may be filled with true zeal for the glory of God. Pray also that God may send many more laborers into His vast vineyard which is very poorly tended for lack of laborers. Be generous in contributing towards the education of poor students, but be more generous by giving back to God some of your sons and daughters for His special service.

Trinity Sunday, the last chance for complying with the Easter duty, falls on May 22. If you know of a friend or a relative who has not yet made his Easter, breathe a prayer for him and see if you cannot persuade him to attend to the affairs of his soul. How about offering up a Holy Communion for those who neglect their duty? If you are a member of the League of the Sacred Heart, you may gain a plenary indulgence for this act of charity.

Another day of great importance and one of great joy to the faithful is Corpus Christi, which happens to be on May 26 this year. The Church honors this feast with special office and Mass. On this day as well as on each of the seven days that follows we are permitted to have solemn Benediction twice a day.—The Corpus Christi procession is an inspiring scene expressive of faith in, and devotion to, the Blessed Eucharist which is borne by the priest of God beneath a silken canopy. To the solemn tones of musical instruments psalms are chanted and hymns are sung. No honor is too great to be shown to our Blessed Lord

in the Eucharistic presence. May this Divine Banquet become our daily nourishment and the source whence we draw our spiritual strength.

Cardinal Gibbons

Cardinal Gibbons, prince of the Church and national figure for many decades, has been gathered to his fathers. On Holy Thursday, March 24, 1921, he breathed his last. A great number of distinguished prelates and a vast concourse of people attended the funeral which was held on March 31. Had His Eminence lived till July 23, he would have been eighty-seven years of age. Ordained on June 30, 1861, he spent nearly sixty fruitful years in the priesthood. In 1866 he was appointed Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina and was elevated to the episcopate. Eleven years later, in 1877, he was promoted to the archiepiscopal see of Baltimore, where in 1866 he was raised to the dignity of Cardinal.—The cathedral of Baltimore was especially dear to the deceased prelate, for it was there that he received baptism, there that the priesthood was conferred upon him, and there, too, that he was consecrated bishop. Over this same cathedral he presided for forty-four years as archbishop and thirty-five years as cardinal. It had inscribed him in the book of life at Baptism, it had seen great ecclesiastical honors conferred upon him, and it received him into its bosom when his soul had returned to God to give an account of its stewardship.—An amiable disposition, combined with rare tact and unflinching prudence endeared the late Cardinal to all without respect to creed. He was honored and revered by men in all ranks of life. His "Faith of Our Fathers," which he compiled in the early days of his ministry and of which a million copies have already been sold, has helped to make innumerable converts. The memory of Cardinal Gibbons, who was both great churchman and eminent statesman, will be held in benediction by future generations.

Knights of the Holy Grail

P. K.

'Midst martial strains along the thronged arcade
With retinue the Bishop moves attired
In festive robes, for now the day desired
Has come that happy youths God's knights be made.
The white robed squires, their prince approaching,
kneel.

Lo! heaven kisses earth, while angels nigh
Bend low to greet the Spirit from on high,
Descending to imprint the priestly seal.
"My son, I dub thee knight of Christ thy King.
Receive the Grail, the cherished hallowed cup,
Which to thy sacred trust I give for aye.
Go speak each day the sacring words that bring
To earth the Lord Who with the twelve did sup
Ere He the ransom for our sins did pay."

As Incense in Thy Sight

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

VESPERS were over and Benediction had been given. Willie Keen, Father Gilbert's senior Mass server was evidently not in the best of moods, for, as he walked along, he kept staring in one direction and mumbling to himself, when he suddenly came face to face with his pastor. Immediately grasping the situation, the priest addressed him saying: "What's the matter, Willie?"

"O nothing, Father."

"Come on, tell me. Something's wrong."

"Well, Father, that bunch up there on the street was teasing me about 'smoking the devil out of church.'"

"Of course you cannot reason with such fellows, but could you give a reasonable answer, if someone asked you sincerely why you swing the censer every Sunday and why incense is used at all at divine service?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't, Father."

"Come, walk with me while I try to make it clear to you. You have observed that the incense is burnt, that it gives forth an agreeable odor, and that the clouds of smoke rise."

"Yes, Father, I have noticed all that."

"As the incense burns or is consumed by the fire so should we be consumed by zeal; the pleasant smell signifies the odor of Christian virtue, which is demanded of all of us; the rising smoke represents our prayers as they are carried by the angels to the very throne of God."

"David, the Royal Psalmist, exclaims: 'Let my prayer be directed as incense in thy sight,' and St. John in the Apocalypse says: 'Another angel came and stood before the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given to him much incense, that he should offer up the prayers of all the saints upon the golden altar which is before the throne of God. And the smoke of the incense of the prayers of the saints ascended up before God from the hand of the angel.'"

"Is that the reason why we have incense at Benediction?"

"Yes, it is always used when the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, for it is a symbol of the

prayers, especially of the adoration, of all the faithful to our Blessed Lord in the Holy Eucharist. Their hearts ought to be like the thurible or censer which is swung at the feet of our Lord—ever open towards heaven and closed towards earth."

"But, Father, we use the censer at other times too and not only when the Blessed Sacrament is exposed."

"Can you tell me when?"

"Well, we had incense when you blessed the ashes at the beginning of Lent, and again this morning at the blessing of the palms. We use it too when there is a funeral, and also at solemn High Mass. Oh, yes! On Candlemas Day incense was used for the blessing of the candles."

"You are right, Willie, but you have things rather mixed up. In all these cases incense is used as a sign of the respect that is due to the relation of the persons or objects to Christ."

"In solemn High Masses—the Masses in which the priest who celebrates is assisted by sacred ministers, deacon and subdeacon—the celebrant incenses the altar, the crucifix, and the relics of the saints, if there are any relics on the altar. The deacon incenses the book from which he sings the Gospel. The offerings of bread and wine, the ministers of the Mass, and the people are also incensed."

"This mark of respect is offered to the altar and the crucifix because they represent Christ; the book of the Gospels contains the words of Christ; the bread and wine on the altar are soon to be changed into the very body and blood of Christ; the relics of the saints were at one time temples of the Holy Ghost, living tabernacles of the Holy Eucharist, and instruments of many good works performed in honor of Christ; the priest who celebrates the Mass is the representative of Christ Himself whilst the ministers and the faithful are living members of the Church and also of the body of which Christ is the head."

"In regard to the corpse at a Christian burial we may say practically the same as of the relics

of the saints. Then, as to the use of incense at the different blessings, the objects, on which the Church invokes the blessing of God for the devout use of the faithful, become sacramentals and these, together with our prayers, lead us heavenward.

"Father, I have sometimes heard it said that incense is used to 'kill the smell.'"

"Well, that isn't quite the proper way to express it. It is true that some have thought that it was introduced to 'sweeten the air.' But there is not a shadow of a doubt that from the very beginning the principal reason must have been symbolical as I have just now explained to you. Why, even the heathens used incense to honor their gods and to make their sacrifices more solemn. You will recall from the lives of the saints they were required to throw incense on the glowing coals before the idols."

"Yes, I have read it in the lives of a number of saints."

"In the Old Law there was an altar called the altar of incense that was made of wood overlaid with gold. In the Book of Exodus (37:25-28)

exact directions are given for making this altar, which was very attractive. It had a crown of gold on top and two rings of gold were fastened on each side below the crown. Bars of wood, also covered with gold, were passed through these rings when the altar had to be carried. The Law also required that the incense to be burned on this altar should be of the purest spices that had been mixed according to the perfumer's art, that is, by one who understood how to produce the most fragrant odor. Here is a picture that will show you how the altar of incense looked."

"How beautiful it must have been in the sun! When did they have services, Father?"

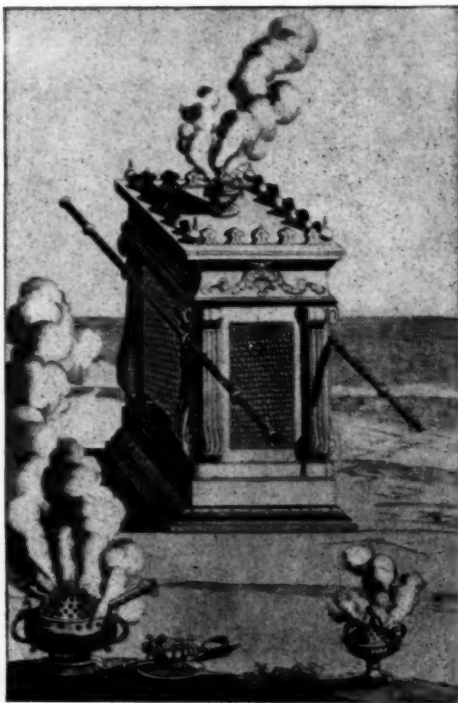
"The priests took their turn, each served a week at a time. Every morning and every evening the priest whose duty it was for the week burned the incense on the altar of incense. For this reason he carried the thurible or censer with fire from the altar of holocausts and placed it on the altar incense.

"Perhaps you remember from Bible History that St. Zachary was performing this service when the angel Gabriel appeared to him to announce the birth of St. John the Baptist."

"Yes, I do. But I am curious to know where the altar of incense was."

"It was in the temple at Jerusalem and stood before the curtain that hung in front of the Holy of Holies, where God was present in a mysterious manner that typified the Eucharistic presence. From all this you see that the use of incense served the same purpose in the Old Testament as does our incensation of the Blessed Sacrament at Benediction.

"Incense was one of the gifts brought by the three Wise Men from the East when they came in search



ALTAR OF INCENSE

of the Infant Jesus. According to the explanation given by the Fathers of the Church, incense was an acknowledgment of Christ's divinity.

"We do not know for certain just when incense was introduced into the service of the Church. Some think that it dates back to the Apostles, others hold that the practice of incensation was adopted at a much later time."

"Father, I have noticed that sometimes after you put incense into the censer you bless it and sometimes you don't make any sign at all.

Should I hold the censer while you make the sign of the cross over it?"

"Why I'm surprised, Willie. I thought you knew all the particulars about serving. Whenever the Blessed Sacrament alone is to be incensed, the incense is not blessed, for this most holy and Divine Sacrament in no way needs a blessing to be free from the influence of the powers of evil. Therefore at Benediction the incense is never blessed, but in all other cases it receives a blessing before it is used."

"What are the words of the blessing, Father?"

"Ordinarily when the deacon asks the priest to bless the incense, the following words are spoken: 'Mayest thou be blessed by Him in whose honor thou art burnt. Amen.' At the Offertory of a solemn High Mass the priest recites a longer formula: 'By the intercession of the blessed Michael the Archangel, who standeth at the right hand of the altar of incense, and of all His elect, may the Lord vouchsafe to bless this incense and receive it for an odor of sweetness. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.'

"At the incensation of the bread and wine the priest says: 'May this incense, blessed by Thee, ascend before Thee, O Lord, and may Thy mercy descend upon us.' Incensing the crucifix and the altar he continues in the words of psalm 140: 'Let my prayer be directed, O Lord in Thy sight; the lifting up of my hands, as evening sacrifice. Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth: and a door round about my lips. Incline not my heart to evil words; to make excuses in sins.' Then returning the censer to the deacon, the priest concludes with, 'May the Lord enkindle in us the fire of His love and the flame of everlasting charity. Amen.'

"O I wish that we had more priests so that we could often have a solemn High Mass with all these many extra prayers and ceremonies that are so full of meaning."

"Yes, you would then become more familiar with these beautiful ceremonies of the Mass and you would know what to do when a hint is given. That reminds me of a little incident that occurred in one of our country parishes not very long ago. I was assisting as deacon

at High Mass. After the incensation at the Offertory I returned the censer to the server with a sign that he should incense me. But he could not make out what I wanted. Then in a whisper I told him to incense me too. He seemed not to know even then what I meant. Finally I said, 'Smoke me!' Then he understood and with a dozen or more vigorous swings, as if to make up for lost time, he filled the sanctuary with clouds of smoke."

"Whenever I see so many priests in the sanctuary, Father, I always have a desire to be among them."

"You must try to become one yourself."

"Every day I ask our Lord for that favor."

"Besides praying for so grand a vocation you must also receive Holy Communion as often as you can and keep away from bad company."

"I am glad, Father, that I did run up against those fellows that made me sore. If it hadn't been for them, I should not have had this opportunity to talk with you. Good-bye, Father. Mamma will have supper waiting by the time I get home."

Mary, help us lest we perish!
Mother, steer our course to thee!
Virgin, whom no stain could tarnish,
Guide us o'er life's rugged sea.

Lauda Sion*

ALBERT KLEBER, O. S. B.

To thy Savior, to thy Pastor,
To thy Prophet, to thy Master,
Sion, sing a hymn of praise!
To extol Him, strain thy power,
Praise on praise upon Him shower—
Him you'll ne'er enough emblaze.

For a special theme of praising:
Living bread, to life us raising,
Is today set forth to us.
This the Savior, ere death's slumber,
Gave the wond'ring faithful number,
In no terms ambiguous.

Christians, join in song to Jesus,
Who, with best of gifts to please us,
Gave Himself to us as food.
Hence proclaim His love forever,
Sing His praise with all endeavor,
Sing in music's choicest mood.

* Hymn for Corpus Christi adapted from the *Lauda Sion* of St. Thomas.

G. K. C. "Prince of Paradoxers"

MARY E. SULLIVAN

GILBERT K. Chesterton, English author and lecturer now touring America, is met everywhere by large audiences interested in the Chestertonian philosophy of life. Americans have read of "his love of medievalism, his appreciation of the Catholic creed as a key to history, his keen analysis and destructive criticism of modern sham science, especially the sham science of the origins of religion, and his insistence on the transformation and consecration of the Roman Empire by the Catholic Church." The world knows Chesterton as a man of bewitching brilliance and complex cleverness, a Christian knight crying out against the blight of modern materialism, the fatal sickness of the soul. Crusading zealously against the evils and abuses of society, agnosticism, yellow journalism, and the decay of religion, he is an idealist with unshaken faith in the message, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all things will" (in God's own good time and way) "be added unto you."

"Art Notes" were the beginning of Chesterton's journalistic work. He has been writing for many years on widely-diverse subjects. Every prominent English paper publishes his work in the capacity of critic, essayist, short-story writer, poet, and humorist. James Douglas says of him, "He is always violently, frantically, riotously, ferociously himself."

In answer to a question after a recent lecture, Mr. Chesterton named as the three outstanding figures in English literature at the present time Thomas Hardy, Bernard Shaw, and H. G. Wells, "with all three of whom, in every possible way, I always disagree," he said.

After a fling, by Chesterton at the American language, a young man in the audience asked the critic what he thought of the possibilities of the American language. "So various and glorious are the uses of your idiom," Chesterton replied, "that I should prefer to refer to the impossibilities of the American language."

Author of a history of England and of four volumes of imaginative and militant verse, Chesterton is also a playwright of high order.

The "Ballad of the White Horse" describes this English patriot's dream of a democratic England permeated with the sturdy virtues of King Alfred's times, perfected by a combination of the desirable only in medieval and in present day government. "Magic," a fantastic comedy of spritely charm, has been produced in London and in America.

Chesterton has written splendid books of biography and criticism on Dickens, Browning, Meredith, Tennyson, Watts, Blake, Wells, and Bernard Shaw. His novels, "Napoleon of Notting Hill," "The Man who was Thursday," "Man Alive," "The Flying Inn," and "The Ball and the Cross," however, will scarcely prove permanent contributions to literature.

The "prince of paradoxers" is the title by which Chesterton is known the world over. He is broadly, subtly, intemperately humorous, exaggerating in a manner characteristic of some of our American humorists. "Chesterdod" has come to be accepted as a synonym for paradox. C. Lewis Hinds, in commenting on Chesterton, observes: "Someone should stand at his side as he writes and say, 'Gilbert, be dull for a bit. Paradox should be soufflé, not a joint.'"

Among Chesterton's best essays are those on the literary art such as "On Stage Costume," "Pseudo-Scientific Books," "The Silver Goblets," and "On Historical Novels." His new volume of essays is entitled "The Uses of Diversity." Some of the essays are on a par with his best work; some, however, are inferior to his "Tremendous Trifles" or "Defendant."

The issue of "The New Jerusalem" by the Doran Press was simultaneous with Mr. Chesterton's arrival in New York. The volume contains many new points of view concerning ideas found in all Mr. Chesterton's poetry and prose; it clears up many false impressions created by earlier works, and proves the author guiltless of anti-Semitism. It is a book that will probably endure. "The Uses of Diversity" has just been published by Dodd, Mead and Co.

In Orchestra Hall, Chicago, on March eighth, it was my pleasure to listen to Mr. Chesterton discourse on "Literature as Luggage." "The title," he said, "is not necessarily a disparagement to literature. I refer to literature as luggage which you would carry with you when setting out for a sojourn on a desert island. The test of the desert island is a psychological trick. Sometimes we feel that the world is too much with us.

"Are we likely to take volumes on Economics to desert islands? No. We want entertaining and illuminating books when in solitude, not necessarily the best books, nor even our favorites, but the best for re-reading, would govern our choice. Books selected for the purpose of re-reading may not have highest literary merit. Who would want to be forty years in a desert with an epigram?

"I have read, I am proud to say, a great deal of trash. I have also added, I am proud to state, considerably to the amount there is of it in the world.

"There is no reason why a story should not be sensational. 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' is thoroughly sensational and mysterious. More crimes are committed through refinement than through vulgarity. The *ordinary* detective story is not literature; some few are.

"Psychological writers fall into error of too much analytical psychology in novels. (Here I wondered if Chesterton was taking a fling at Arnold Bennett.)

"*Books We Think We Have Read* would be an interesting title for an essay.

"One could read Macbeth a thousand times. Would the Bible and Shakespeare be best books to take to a desert island? They both have astonishing variety, a most desirable quality. There is a vein of humor in the Bible. Irony, and satire, even fantastic satire, are found in the Bible.

"One great advantage in the Bible and in Shakespeare is the problems they present. For instance, it is just as interesting and easy to prove that Shakespeare wrote Bacon as that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. It is a good game with always the haunting dread that you may find it to be true—(that which you are trying to prove.)

"The only short-story I would include in my list for luggage to the desert island would be Frank Stockton's 'Lady or the Tiger?' That would be fine. Think of the fun my little community would have, dividing itself into two factions, 'ladyites' and 'tigerites'?

"Victorian fiction, including American as well as English, can be read again and again in a casual and sociable manner. 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' is good.

"I might possibly include Andrew Lang's 'Historical Mysteries' because it could be pondered over with a different solution for every day spent on the island.

"'Treasure Island' would be intensely interesting. Robert Louis Stevenson was a close friend of mine. I like to contrast his work with that of Thackeray. Stevenson uses economy in description. He gives one brief description of each character. In 'Vanity Fair' Thackeray gives touch after touch of description, each touch showing up a different trait or characteristic.

"Literature deals with universal emotions, with humanity. If I were limited to *one* book for luggage, I would take 'Pickwick Papers.'

"This is all I can remember of an address delivered recently to British soldiers in Palestine. The British army is more representative than Parliament. These representative men endured my address without flinching, which again reveals the tenacity, the patience, and the valor of the British Army."

The full moon on a still night is God's most ancient figure of the Host.—Austin O'Malley.

Spring

NANCY BUCKLEY

Her eyes are filled with laughter bright,
Her feet are shod with gold
Her lips are made of morning light,
And happiness untold.

Upon her cheek the Sun's warm kiss,
And in her hands young Love,
And Joy springs up in sudden bliss,
Like flight of happy dove.

A truce she's made with Sorrow deep,
And ever-bitter Care,
And in her heart so fair and bright
Youth dwells eternal there.

Spooks in Shadyville

A. TREVONO

(Continued)

SPIRIT LIGHTS

Theoretically speaking there are three hypotheses to explain the strange things that happen at spiritistic séances. The first of these, that defended by those who would make of spiritism a religion to supersede Christianity, is by its very nature relegated to the category of the impossible, for one who has any true concept of a God. By their fruits you shall know them, our Divine Savior warned us. From their qualities you may know their nature, reechoes reason. A God to be a God must, above all, be a God of truth, who can neither deceive nor be deceived. Do the messages coming from spiritistic sources bear these signs of truth, or do they rather seem to originate from some source of deceit? Mr. Raupert in his late work, "Black Magic," gives many cases wherein deceit was plainly proved. He instances one remarkable case in which an old man after many years of spiritistic revelations alleged to be from his deceased wife finally detected gross trickery. Think of it—years of deceit from some infernal or terrestrial trickster in a point of such tender interest. But how much worse when the point chiefly in hand is the affair of one's eternal salvation! All indications bear an impress that is strikingly like that of the father of lies.

Who then is the liar, man or devil? Many who have given this question great study have concluded that about ninety-eight per cent of the phenomena are due to the fraud of human beings, thus leaving a poor two per cent for satan to answer for.

Of all the famous mediums there is but one who has never been caught publicly in some trick of legerdemain. This remarkable exception is found in Dr. Home, famous in the last century; but even he, as some aver, is not above suspicion. One of the most famous mediums of recent years is Eusapia Palladino, an Italian by birth. For many years she travelled over the world with remarkable success. At a séance held in England in 1894, she effected in broad daylight, levitations of a table, made instruments play under no apparent contact, caused a key to turn in a door seven feet distant, made the same key bring itself to the table and return. Such eminent students as Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Crookes were convinced that these were manifestations of the supernatural. However, just one year later Madame Palladino suffered a great exposure by being caught practicing trickery in these same phenomena. Only years of untiring effort could have made her so expert in these practices. We sum up the case by saying that though twenty years were spent in studying her phenomena there has been given no positive evidence that fraud was absent at any time.

In the sittings told of by Mr. Trevono in "Spooks in Shadyville" the things done grow more wonderful each night. The same happens in all like cases, as the auditors grow more credulous they become less watchful, and the medium grows more bold and has to exercise less caution. Observe that after a few nights Braken was left free.

Is trickery entirely out of the question in the séances told of by the author of this paper; the writer thinks not. Who was the trickster? Certainly Braken was not the leading figure. Who knew all the gossip and details of families? Dr. Gregson. Who was the omnivorous reader? Dr. Gregson. Who drew together the spiritistic coterie? Dr. Gregson. Who pinned the curtains down to shut out the moonlight? Dr. Gregson. Who therefore could have got the knowledge that essayed from the horn Dr. Gregson brought to the sitting? No other than that same doctor. As a doctor he possessed some knowledge of chemistry, in his readings he could have learned sleight-of-hand, to ventriloquize, etc., etc. Into his mouth the ball of fire passed and it was he who affirmed that *nothing* was there.

In general we sum up by saying that though there is no doubt that the phenomena were actually manifested, they are by no means above, nay not equal to the productions of mediums of national reputation, practically all of whom have at some time been caught in fraudulent practices. If such men as Lodge and Crookes have been deceived in full light by mediums how much more possibility was there for Mr. Trevono and the other auditors to have been duped by Dr. Gregson, who, while all eyes were watching Braken, could, aided by darkness, have been practically free to perform at will.

J. S.

MANY times, and in fact at almost each meeting, the voices speaking through the trumpet had referred to the possibility of their being able to produce at will objects having all the appearance of being formed of material matter. The first step in this process of what they called materialization was the production of lights without any of the material objects deemed necessary by us in its production. The heavy voice that had spoken to us so often asked one evening if we knew of any means of producing a light without heat. We told him that we did not. That so far as we were advised no one had ever devised a means of producing a light without generating heat in the process. The voice then proceeded to give us a long lec-

ture to the general effect that all matter was one and that its outward semblance and appearance was determined by the degree of molecular activity that permeated it. That as this activity increased or diminished the character of the matter was changed. That heat and light were the result of high activity and that dense and heavy objects were the result of a low activity in the composition of the matter affected. He declared that as this measure of activity grew greater and the vibration passing through the matter affected became more rapid, it became invisible and unknowable as such to physical beings; that matter with all its physical components existed in a state that he called ethereal where it was beyond the knowledge by contact of physical beings; that this matter actually existed just as certainly as the solid forms of matter existed with which we were familiar by reason of daily contact. He further declared that this rarefied and purified matter was utilized by those in the spirit world to produce physical matter that would be visible to those in the physical life. That this process was called materialization and was the highest exposition of spiritual activity on earth so far as physical manifestation was concerned; that this materialization of physical bodies could only be accomplished through the aid and assistance of one gifted with high mediumistic power and the cooperation of the entire circle seeking this demonstration of spiritual presence. He said that the first step toward the accomplishment of this work of materialization was the production of lights; that light such as they produced would not be accompanied by any physical evidence of heat and he proposed to attempt to make this light.

Immediately after the conclusion of this long talk a strange voice spoke through the horn and said, "Watch for my light," and in a few minutes a light about the size of a small sponge appeared in the center of the room. This did not glow with the brilliancy of an artificial light but had the appearance of an object illuminated from the inside giving it a luminous appearance something on the order of an object covered with phosphorus. This light moved from place to place through the room and gradually grew dimmer until it disappeared.

Immediately following this lights began to appear all over the room. Some were of the character of the one described at first, varying only in size from small ones the size of a baseball to large ones as big as a football. Other lights appeared that glowed with a sharp bright brilliancy. Some would be mere points of light and others as large as an egg. These lights occurred not only during this first night but at other succeeding meetings and I shall describe them here as they appeared not only at the first meeting but at the meetings following. After the first night when these lights were visible they appeared at each meeting and gradually grew brighter and held their brilliancy longer. I remember one night when one of the brighter lights about the size of an egg appeared in the room and by its brilliancy illuminated the entire room as effectually as an electric light would have done. This light glowed with a bluish white light bright enough for us to see and to read and I especially remember that we took out our watches to determine the time by the light thus reflected. This light would move from place to place throughout the room upon request and would go anywhere that we told it to go. As an evidence of the fact that it did not produce heat, I have had the light on the back of my hand. The only sensation that I could perceive was one similar to that that would be produced by blowing on the back of my hand through a straw or pipestem. There was no feeling of warmth or heat about the light. As it lay on the back of my left hand, I took my right hand and placed over it and tried to catch it in my hand. It disappeared to reappear again in a moment near the center of the room. Dr. Gregson then leaned his head back in his chair, opened his mouth and asked that this light be placed in his mouth. The light very promptly floated across and went inside Dr. Gregson's mouth. We could see the filling in his teeth very clearly and see the light lying on his tongue. We called to Dr. Gregson to shut his mouth quickly and he did but declared that there was nothing in his mouth. The light reappeared again in the center of the room and the voice speaking through the trumpet told us that it would be impossible for us to sense the presence

of this light by holding it or feeling it; that the matter of which it was composed was so volatile that it would not be perceptible to our physical senses. He added, however, that he would be able to produce material objects of such density that we could handle them and detect no difference between the object he had materialized and a similar object, the result of physical growth. We spent much time studying these lights in an endeavor to learn their composition and the means of their production. In the study of this, however, we made no more progress than the Persian poet who always came out at the same door he entered.

I might add that at all of these meetings where the lights were produced Braken was in the circle and distinctly visible when the bright lights were glowing. By this time we had ceased to bind him and were content to sit by his side during the entire meeting. I am confident that he did not have anything to do with the production of these lights, not only because we were there to watch him and prevent his doing anything to trick us but because it would have been an utter impossibility for him to have produced a light such as that that we saw and I have described. And it would have been a further impossibility for him to have caused this light to move about from place to place throughout the room and to go wherever we directed it to go. Some skeptical individuals to whom we related this experience assured us that the light was moved from place to place. In the face of the fact that the light landed on the hands and faces of all of us and in Dr. Gregson's mouth a statement of this kind was absurd. We were quite sure no wires were on our hands and faces and in Dr. Gregson's mouth. The heavy voice speaking to us again through the trumpet told us that in the course of time as Braken's mediumistic powers developed and the circle grew in harmony with the intention of the spirit controls that he would be able to make from a large luminous cloud-like formation of light the physical semblance worn by some departed spirit while on earth; in other words that he would be able to materialize a human form that would be so like the outward semblance of the body occupied by the spirit while living; that we would see and rec-

ognize the body immediately. When I asked him if he pretended to resurrect the body of the dead from the grave, he laughed and assured me that he did nothing of the kind, that he simply materialized another body and molded in the form and semblance of the body occupied by the spirit of the person who was dead to the world. We challenged him to do this and assured him that the appearance in the physical form of someone we had known in life would be the culminating proof of the fact that spirits could and did communicate with those on earth, and assured him that we would do what we could to assist in bringing such an event to pass. He asked us to come regularly to the meetings as Braken called them and not to admit any strangers into the room and to endeavor to submit our wills to the guidance and control of himself and the spirits associated with him and that he was confident that in a few meetings he would be able to do what we asked him to do.

(To be continued)

Guardian Angels

MARY E. MANNIX

Our eyes may not behold their wondrous beauty,
We may not hear the flutter of their wings
The while they stand, bright monitors of duty,
Our guide to better things.
Our hands have never touched in adoration
The shining of their white-robed loveliness,
But in the loneliest hours of desolation
We know their tenderness.

For many a tide of wild and sad revealing,
Born with despairing throes in bleeding hearts,
Flows back aglow with waves of holy feeling,
And many a burthen parts
From souls by passion's lurid painting clouded,
And thoughts beatified
Steal from forgotten places, all unshrouded,
By angels glorified.

Untiring and unseen they watch about us,
They hold, in spite of us, our trembling hands,
They weave a magic charm, within, without us,
Caught by Faith's golden strands.
And though our eyes may not behold the vision,
Nor feel their presence in the clogged air,
From birth to death, through life's most strange transition,
They guard us everywhere.

His Faded Roses

FLORENCE GILMORE

MISS Morgan had begged permission to care for our Blessed Mother's altar throughout the month of May, but it was late in the afternoon of the first day before she had time to decorate it for the opening of evening devotions. In the sacristy she found four bunches of lilacs and great clusters of snowballs—far greater wealth than she had hoped for—and her face beamed as she arranged them. She had placed the last vase upon the altar and was going back to the sacristy to get her gloves when she saw that some snowballs had been laid on the altar railing.

Curious to know who had given them Miss Morgan looked about her, to find that there was no one in the church except a woman whom she did not know, a stately, handsome, well-dressed woman who did not glance toward her as she stood with the flowers in her hand, frankly peering into every corner of the church.

Miss Morgan had to take two large vases from a cupboard, fill them with water, and clip the very long stems of the snowballs, so ten or fifteen minutes had passed when she reentered the sanctuary. Instinctively she glanced toward the corner in which the woman had been praying. She was there no longer, but close to the railing before our Blessed Mother's altar a man knelt, with beads twined about his clasped hands and a pleading face upturned to the tender face of the statue.

Not exactly curious,—no woman ever is—but interested, or perhaps edified, Miss Morgan watched him furtively as she changed the arrangement of the flowers to make room for two more vases. He was undoubtedly a gentleman, she thought; and she clung to this impression even after noting that he was shabbily and not even neatly dressed. She did not see, as any man would have done, that he bore unmistakable traces of dissipation, but there was something pathetic about his face and attitude that touched her very tender heart. As she left the church she was no longer smiling. The wealth of flowers which had so greatly delighted her was quite forgotten; she was thinking

only of a weak, sad face, framed by thin, unkempt, iron-gray hair.

The next afternoon Miss Morgan found no fresh flowers in the sacristy, but there was a bouquet of lilies of the valley on the railing before Our Lady's altar and the same stately, beautiful woman knelt in the same inconspicuous pew. By the time Miss Morgan had put fresh water into the vases already in use, and carefully arranged the lilies of the valley, the woman had left the church, but as on the preceding day the shabby, carelessly dressed man who so deeply interested her, had come and was again kneeling at the railing. Miss Morgan wondered what could be the intention for which he prayed with such intense earnestness, and tried to imagine one suited to his age and apparent circumstances.

Day after day, at sunset, Miss Morgan went to the church to throw away the dead flowers, to do her best with half faded ones, and to arrange any fresh bouquets which had been sent; and day after day she found a few peonies, or iris, or lilies of the valley on the railing and noticed that the woman who must have put them there was kneeling in her accustomed place; and day after day, before she finished her work, the woman was gone, but the man for whom she had learned to watch was in his place at the altar railing, praying with an almost desperate kind of earnestness.

The woman and her flowers interested Miss Morgan little or not at all, but the man did, and she determined to speak to him at her first opportunity. The first week closed, the second opened and passed, and no chance came, but on the fifteenth fate at last was kind. A sudden shower made it impossible for her to leave the church after her work was done, so she slipped into a pew and said her beads slowly but with innumerable distractions. When she finished the fifth decade rain was still beating against the windows but in her impatience to get away she went to the door and scanned the clouds, with the hope of finding that they were beginning to break. She was standing on the step,

disconsolately watching the rain as it splashed into puddles on the walk, when the man whom she had so often watched came out and stood beside her.

"The sun was shining when I left home. Who could have guessed that it was going to rain!" she said pleasantly.

The man smiled, and Miss Morgan was amazed to see how merry his face could be. "Certainly I didn't think it would rain, but I never do expect a downpour long enough to be provided with an umbrella. However—" and he laughed a little—"However, no amount of soaking will spoil my millinery!"

"Nor mine; but I hate to get wet," Miss Morgan replied, laughing at the remembrance of very unflattering things her sisters had said about the old hat she was wearing. After a moment she added, "I see you every afternoon when I come to arrange the flowers for the May altar."

The man showed some surprise that anyone should have noticed him. It was evident, too, that he had not been aware of her existence until he met her at the door, but both his voice and manner were very friendly as he said, "I come every day to pray for a special intention. I don't dare think that possibly my prayers will not be heard. If you care for her altar the Blessed Virgin must love you very dearly—would you say a little prayer to her for my intention?" Every trace of brightness had faded from his face and left there the sad expression which Miss Morgan knew.

"Indeed I will pray!" she promised, with sympathetic fervor, for the typical old maid had a very tender heart.

Before there was time for another word some one came running to their step, seeking shelter from the rain, and no more passed between them. It was not long until the shower stopped as unexpectedly as it had begun, and with a murmured word of farewell Miss Morgan started homeward and her new friend slowly made his way in the opposite direction.

Ten days passed, and the month was drawing to a close. Lilacs and snowballs and the last violets were gone, the days were growing hot, and even within the church it was no longer dusk when Miss Morgan began her daily

work about the altar. Sometimes, as she passed back and forth between the sacristy and the sanctuary, she noticed that a number of people were scattered through the church, but if the weather was inclement she was certain to see only the tall woman whom she had observed on the first day. She was always in her place and her flowers always lay upon the railing. And the man to whom Miss Morgan had spoken did not once fail to come. Several times she had nodded to him in passing, but had not had another opportunity to do more.

On one of the last days of the month she saw that he was leaving the church just as she finished her work, and forgetting all else in her desire to overtake him she went down the aisle at a pace neither slow nor reverential, and almost ran into him in the vestibule.

He held the door open for her to pass before him, but not suspecting that she longed to chat, he would have allowed her to go without a word if she had not spoken.

"I have been praying for your intention and wondering if you have gotten what you want. I have prayed every day," she said.

The man's eyes filled with tears. "How kind you are!" he exclaimed gratefully. "How very kind—and I don't deserve kindness. I haven't been kind myself."

Miss Morgan was embarrassed by this frank confession and did not know what to say, so she repeated, "I've been praying, and hoping that our prayers are being heard."

"They haven't been answered yet, but I have not lost hope. The month is not over:—three days more," he said, with an effort at cheerfulness.

"I'll pray to the very end," Miss Morgan promised.

The man smiled as he thanked her, and after an instant's hesitation said very simply, "Would it bore you to hear what my intention is? You are kind, and perhaps if you understand you would pray even harder."

"Bore me! I should love to know all about it!" Miss Morgan confessed, with childlike frankness.

He stood silent for a moment, shifting his worn hat from one hand to the other, before he began, as quietly as if he had been talking of

some one other than himself, "It has been my fault from first to last. She—my wife—she's the finest woman in the world; the gentlest, and the truest, and the best. But I—you see, I drank heavily years ago—before I knew her. Then I stopped. I thought I'd never touch another glass of whisky, but I'm no good. After we had been married for a few years I began to spree again, and when trouble came—we lost two of our children in one week with diphtheria—I, why I went from bad to worse. I lost my splendid position, and have drifted from one thing to another ever since, living on her money most of the time, and wasting a good deal of it.

"And so—so the years wore on, unhappy years, until there came a day when we laid our last little one beside her brothers and sisters,—well, home wasn't home after that, although *she* was still there. She had grown quiet and white-faced, she who had been so lighthearted and merry. Her heart was broken because of the children—and me. It was all my fault. At last—" He had been looking straight into Miss Morgan's face, but now he turned away his head and his voice sank almost to a whisper.

"At last she could bear no more, and she sent me away. That was a year ago. I've grown shabby since, and I've been hungry many a time, but it did me good to be—be driven out. It brought me to my senses. I haven't touched a drop since. But she doesn't trust me. I can't blame her; I don't trust myself—We were married in May, twenty-one years ago, and I've been thinking that perhaps the Blessed Virgin remembers, and—and perhaps my wife does too."

He paused, staring down the street. He had almost forgotten Miss Morgan. "And she's lonely too," he added slowly, slowly. "She's as lonely as I. A stranger might not think so, but I know her. Her face never looked as it does now, not even when Louise died, and Louise was last of our little ones to go."

"Have you spoken to her?" Miss Morgan asked with tragic earnestness. "Perhaps if you would—"

He shook his head. "I tried a few days ago, but she would not listen. I have no right to

complain. For twenty years—and her life might have been so different."

"There are three more days of May," Miss Morgan said. That was the only comfort she could see.

His lips quivered, and he was turning away with a word of heartfelt thanks, but she laid a detaining hand upon his arm. "I think I have seen your wife," she said. "Isn't she tall and fair?"

"Yes, tall and very beautiful," he answered.

"She brings flowers for the altar," Miss Morgan told him.

"She loves flowers; she has a nice garden," he explained, and hurried away without another word, leaving Miss Morgan looking after his bent, shabbily clad figure but hardly seeing it for her tears.

The next day it was later than usual when she reached the church. On entering the sanctuary she saw at a glance that the tall, fair-faced woman was in her accustomed place, that some lovely peonies lay upon the railing, and that her new friend was kneeling close to it with a few not quite fresh roses held tightly in one hand. It was the first time that he had brought flowers, and he smiled proudly as he gave them to Miss Morgan.

Going into the sacristy she got out a large vase for the peonies and a small one for the roses. She filled both with water and arranged the peonies to her satisfaction before she examined the roses. Their stems were short and the petals of some were ready to fall, but she did not for one moment think of discarding them, as she would certainly have done if they had been the offering of anyone else. She was trying to make them look the best in the little vase when a different plan flashed into her mind; and after but an instant's hesitation she crowded them into the large vase, around the stems of the peonies. She placed that vase, with its strange combination of exquisite peonies and faded roses, at the feet of the Blessed Virgin's statue; then knelt where she was and quite simply explained to Our Lady what she meant by that strange bouquet.

For ten minutes, perhaps for fifteen, Miss Morgan prayed there before she tiptoed across

(Continued on page 28)

Two Great Purposes

HENRIETTE EUGENIE DELAMARE

THERE was nothing particularly beautiful or romantic looking about the Signorina Rolandi, though she *was* an Italian and an artist. She was a quiet, delicate looking, unassuming little woman, no longer very young, yet full of life and spirits, a clever artist, an excellent, painstaking teacher, gifted with any amount of patience, a most devout Catholic, a pleasant companion, and an indefatigable worker. In fact, she always strove never to lose a minute during the day and she often managed to double up two occupations; for instance, during her walks, if alone she always said her rosary; while working about the house or taking her meals, she improved the time by constant ejaculatory prayers; and when visiting with friends, she always had a little piece of needlework in her hand, either some article of clothing for the poor or small altar linens for the missions. Her great charm—for she *had* great, irresistible charm—consisted in her soft, musical voice, perfect though unassuming manners, and loving disposition, and in her great dark eyes, which sparkled with intelligence and fun too, and beamed with kindness.

Quiet as she seemed, the Signorina had an ardent nature, and at the present time she was, if I may so express it, devoured by two passions, the one for helping the missions, the other an ardent craving to see her own dear Italy again, kneel once more by St. Peter's tomb at Rome and receive the Holy Father's Blessing. These two purposes seemed never to leave her night or day. At night she dreamed of them and was either helping in the conversion of some poor pagans, wandering about the Campagna in Italy, picking crimson anemones in the gardens of the Villa Borghese, or kneeling in some glorious spot consecrated by the blood of martyrs. It was eighteen long years since she had left her native country and dwelt in this busy, worldly, and to her mind, prosaic, country, among the din of a great Western city. And she was so deadly homesick! But still she stayed on, because she would earn far more over here, though not yet enough to al-

low herself trips to Europe. She would have liked to give her life as a missioner Nun, but her age and her poor health prevented the possibility of her doing that; so she toiled on patiently, endeavoring with all her heart to promote God's glory and win souls by her example, alms and prayers.

"I wonder if the Signorina is stingy," a friend of hers was saying one day, "she never seems to spend but for the strictest necessities, and her clothes, though very neat, are the same year after year. I found her the other day, cobbling her shoes herself; and one day I dropped in while she was at dinner and she had nothing on the table but some walnuts and plain boiled carrots, and she was taking the water the carrots had been boiled in by way of drink."

"Oh, no! I'm sure she is not miserly," answered another friend. "She is very, very economical; but remember how much she gave to the Red Cross and other charities during the war. Why, she maintained a prisoner and I don't know how many orphans, and whenever there is an appeal for a poor family or mission, she always gives generously."

"Well, she must earn a good bit," continued the first, "and I don't see why she need be so fearfully economical. She seems to count every cent she spends."

And so she did, but it was not through avarice but because she was so anxious to save for her two great purposes, the first, to promote God's glory by supporting the missions, the second, which she sometimes told herself was a selfish one, to save up enough for a year's trip back to Europe, a trip during which she would visit not only her own dear native land and its great art galleries, but also England, France and Switzerland, and during which she hoped to paint some picture which would perhaps make her name famous at last and enable her to earn still more for her dear missions. She had been dividing up *all* she could save between these two purposes for the last ten years and she had brought the art of economy down to

its finest point. She now managed to feed herself, oh, *quite* sufficiently, on twenty-five cents a day or even less, in spite of the high cost of living, her carefully mended clothes lasted her year after year, she never went out to entertainments or picture shows, and even her correspondence to intimates was written on scraps of typewriting paper given her by a stenographer friend and put into turned envelopes. And in this way she was able to pay the expenses of a poor seminarian studying to become a missionary and for those of two catechists in China, besides sending constant donations to most of the mission Houses in America and Italy. And how she did pray for the missions, the conversion of sinners, and the poor souls in Purgatory!

Yet there was nothing of the recluse or ascetic about Signorina Rolandi. She was bright and witty and a good companion, fond of long walks, of nature, of animals, of beauty in everything, and of pleasant little times with her friends. By nature she was really fond of society, of good living, of luxuries and pretty things, and her abstemious living was a constant struggle against her love of candies and cakes and such good things, which she would not allow herself to indulge in, if she had to buy them, but which she enjoyed like a child when given to her.

And now, by dint of pinching and saving she had, in spite of always giving half her savings in charities, amassed the good little sum of one thousand dollars, and she felt that in a few weeks, when her pupils had dropped off for the holidays, she would be able to start on her much longed-for trip. She had made up her mind to take her reservations and break the news of her plan to her friends and pupils on the very next Monday, and oh, how her heart beat with wild joy at the thought of all the glorious times she was going to have! At last she would be able to roam in the Italian woods again and revel in the wild flowers and birds and sights so dear to her childhood, she would kneel on the graves of her dear ones, and see a number of the friends of her youth. And oh! the delight of wandering once more among the works of art of Rome and Florence and Paris and London! At last! at last! her

cherished plan was going to be carried out and that without interfering with her usual charities. How she thanked God for His goodness to her, his poor unworthy servant! and with what joy she began to gather up her belongings and decide on what she meant to take on this delightful journey. She could hardly wait through the intervening weeks.

And then, on Saturday, she received a letter from a missionary friend in China, whom she had known from her childhood but had not heard from for some time. He wrote her a most pitiful tale of woe, describing the havoc the war, the floods and the hard times had caused to his once flourishing mission. Two of his fellow missionaries had been killed in battle and never replaced, his poor little Church and residence had since been washed away in a flood, his funds were utterly exhausted and yet such a great harvest of souls was to be had just for the picking up! If he could only get money enough to support a few catechists, rebuild his Church and a little school on a better site which had been offered to him and which was on a hillside and safe from the floods, he might be able to save hundreds of souls; but he was powerless for lack of funds and the Protestants, backed by millions of ready money, would take possession of all those precious souls, who would have been only too glad to learn the one true Faith. "I have appealed to the Propagation of the Faith and other mission centers," he continued, "but they have so many similar calls for assistance that they can only send me a mere pittance. As I was kneeling in fairly agonized prayer before the Blessed Sacrament this morning, it seemed to me that Our dear Lord told me most distinctly to apply to *you* and even assured me that you would be the good angel to come to my assistance and save these precious souls for whom He died upon the Cross. Can you do something for me or rather for my poor Chinese? I am sure God would reward you a hundred and a hundredfold, and think of the merit you would get by helping me save, not one soul, but perhaps many hundreds! I know you are not a wealthy woman, but I also know your devotion to God's glory and I feel sure you will do all you can. The

sum of one thousand dollars would set the whole mission on its feet again, enable me to send catechists in all the surrounding country and gather a great harvest of converts. Could you not get some of your wealthy patrons to give for this purpose? I know I can rely on your doing *all* you possibly can and I thank you and bless you a thousand times beforehand for anything you can do. Most truly yours in Jesus Christ. Albert Morgan."

A vague foreboding had knocked at her heart even before she opened the letter, and after reading it she fairly staggered into a chair and sat there, her face buried in her hands, too sick at heart, too miserable for tears.

A thousand dollars! He wanted a thousand dollars! Just the sum she was about to spend selfishly on her own pleasure! And Our Lord had inspired him to write to her, had told him she would be the good angel to save those hundreds of souls. What a wonderful work that would be, and she had always longed to do something great for God's glory; and yet.... Oh, she *could* not give up her cherished plan.... she *could* not send him *all* her money! Perhaps he exaggerated.... but no, she knew him too well, knew he was entirely reliable and not a man to be carried away by false hopes or fears. Might she not give up part of her trip, and send him, say, five hundred dollars out of those hard earned savings, the savings of ten years! Had she not already given to God the half of all she could put by, and was not that enough? Did He really demand this great sacrifice of her when there were so many rich folk in the world, to whom a thousand dollars would mean nothing? And yet Our Lord had told Father Morgan to appeal to her.... to her! She felt as if the world were crumbling around her, and as if she would die if obliged to give up her trip. Yet if she took it, knowing of this great opportunity to help, could she enjoy it? Would not her conscience be tormenting her, would she not see in her mind the poor Chinese left to their pagan rites or flocking to the Protestant Church? But this was all a scruple, she had a right to her money, she had already given far more than most people....

And thus she argued and struggled within herself all Saturday and Sunday, stunned, dry-

eyed, with a vague feeling of hopeless misery. Then on Monday morning, as she knelt for her thanksgiving after her daily Communion, she was able to throw herself for a while into her dear Lord's pitying Heart and there, confiding her disappointment to her best of friends, she wept uncontrollably. Then, as soon as the bank was open, she hurried to get a draft for the thousand dollars and mailed it registered to the good missionary. She had expected that at least her heart would be filled with spiritual joy after making this great effort, but no, even that comfort was denied her, all seemed darkness and bitter sadness in her heart, every hope and joy seemed to have vanished out of her life, and she felt tempted to repeat the words of her Divine Master on the Cross, "My God, My God! Why hast thou forsaken me!"

Night after night she lay in utter misery and finally sobbed herself to sleep, and in spite of her efforts to appear as usual, her friends and pupils wondered at her pale face and listless manner during the day, and thought she must be sick.

So a long weary week had passed, when one afternoon the mother of one of her wealthy pupils came to call on her, and after a few preliminary remarks on commonplace subjects, she said rather abruptly:

"I have come, Signorina, to speak to you on an important subject, not only on my own behalf but on that of Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Galsworthy, whose spokeswoman I am just now. We are all very much charmed not only with the result of your teaching, but still more with the refining and elevating influence you have on our girls. They are all about to graduate this year and yet we mothers hate to throw them already into the whorl of this rapid and fashionable society life, nor do we wish to send them to college this year. So we have been planning and hoping we might be able to persuade you to take our four girls for a year's trip abroad, to perfect them in their study of art and of Italian and French, and to show them in an intelligent way, as you would be sure to do, all the beauties and art treasures of Italy, England, France and Switzerland, finishing up perhaps with a tour into Egypt and the Holy Land. We wish this to be the hap-

piest year of our girls' lives, so you need spare no expense."

The Signorina had been alternately flushing and turning pale, her hands twitched nervously, her breath came in little gasps, and thinking she might be averse to the plan, Mrs. Avery continued, pleadingly:

"Of course, Signorina, we *know* it would be an effort for you to tear yourself away from this sweet artistic little home of yours, and you would have to give up your other pupils and so forth; but we are quite willing to compensate you for all this and make it worth your while. Of course, every possible expense you might have, even to your outfit, would be paid by us, and besides that we would give you a fine salary. I personally would assure you a hundred and fifty dollars a month and each of my friends would do as much, I know. Then you would be perfectly free to plan the trip as you liked, stay where you liked and as long as you liked in each place, visit your friends and relations and take plenty of time for your painting. We have perfect confidence in your tact and judgment, and know we can confide our girls to you in absolute security. Perhaps I have blurted out this plan to you rather suddenly," she added, as the Signorina sprang up, white, trembling, with tears filling her eyes, "perhaps you would like time to consider our proposal?"

"Oh, no, no! I am only so delighted, so grateful to God and to you. I had been so longing for such a trip! I had hoped to make it this summer and for the last week I have been heart-broken because an unexpected event had put an end to all my hopes of doing so for years. And then you came to offer me this! Oh, how good, how good God is to me! I don't know how to thank Him," she added, bursting into tears in spite of herself.

Mrs. Avery was much touched at her joy and delighted with the success of her embassy and so the matter was soon settled, preparations made at once, and a month later four eager, excited girls started in high glee with their beloved teacher; and they had, as they all declared, the very happiest, most delightful and interesting year of their lives. And if they enjoyed it, the Signorina seemed to revel in it

all even more. Her health improved, she looked ten years younger, she was the life and soul of the party, and everything seemed favorable to them wherever they went,—even the weather! And what beautiful pictures she painted! Yes, her name *did* become famous at last, and yet all this joy was nothing to the intense happiness she felt on receiving the letters from Father Morgan, brimful of joy and gratitude for her help, and each time telling her of the greater and greater success of his mission, of the erection of his little Church and school, now full to overflowing, of the numbers of zealous converts, of the spreading of the true faith all over his large district, and that, all through *her* charity! Her soul seemed almost to swoon with joy within her as she read these words, her devotion and zeal for the missions increased a hundredfold, and she was now able to send more and more help as she earned more and more. Her soul was full of peaceful joy, and she was never tired of thanking God for His mercies, and dwelling on the thought that this all-loving, all-powerful and all-merciful God never suffers Himself to be outdone in generosity, but on the contrary rewards us a hundredfold for our simplest efforts even in this life, while He promises us an eternal recompense of heavenly bliss in the world to come.

St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi each day made thirty visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

God's Providence

REV. N. A. STUMPS

Behold! the lilies how they grow
They do not reap nor do they spin.
No king or queen was e'er arrayed
Like one of these in outward show.

Now if He clothes in beauty grand
These lilies fair that wither soon:
How much more you His masterpiece
An exile from your fatherland.

No sparrow falls unknown to Him
He hearkens to the raven's cry,
Providing them with daily food
Which to their greedy young they bring.

Are we not worth far more than they,
We who possess an immortal soul?
Why all these doubts, where is our trust?
Confide in Him, when dark the way.

Pray for the Success of the Missions

It is once more our privilege during this glorious month of May to gather around our Blessed Mother to present in an especial manner our joys and sorrows, our needs and desires. As our beads slip through our fingers, we unconsciously find ourselves attaching a new significance to those familiar words we first lisped with our "God bless papa," "God bless mama" prayer. In that sweet yesterday of not so long ago, the "pray for us," at the end of the Hail Mary, meant for ourselves and for our immediate loved ones. Now, however, as Crusaders the "us" has become truly Catholic. To those of our "us" of childhood have been added friends in the far away land of Oriental dreams and African fastnesses. We ask our heavenly Mother to help those who labor for souls living under the shadow of paganism. How fitting it is that these missionaries should be remembered in the prayers of every true lover of Mary. Are they not her particular friends who bring thousands to the knowledge of her divine Son and as devotees to her shrines to pour out there new found love? But alas! how few keep this thought in mind when they pray. Unintentional selfishness loses many graces for ourselves and many more for our missionaries and their charges. We must not make our fight for the missions too much one-sided. They do need financial aid but far more do they need our

prayers. Prayer, which is the key to the treasury of heaven, must not be allowed to grow rusty by us who have constant access to it when there are so many who know not even that there is such a treasure. Would it not be a splendid way for many of us, who cannot help the missions materially to any great extent, to say some special prayer daily for the success of the missions. Even one 'Our Father' and three 'Hail Mary's' would bear fruit a hundredfold. We must never forget that Our Lord will not be outdone in generosity and the harder we try to make Him our debtor the greater will be our happiness.

Baby "Pat"

The St. Meinrad Seminary Unit of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade has honored the great St. Patrick by starting a drive on his feast day for money with which to purchase Baby "Pat" in China. This Unit has not been exceptionally active in this particular line of missionary work but the pennies have been rolling in so fast for Baby "Pat" that it is a fair prognostication that he will have some new foster brothers and sisters in the near future. China does not seem so far away when we talk about our little protégé there and wonder from time to time how many tusks have sprouted and whether his hair will be red or not. Oh yes, there is plenty of time to discuss such details between shifts at the paper baler. C. S. M. C.

To a Grief-Stricken Mother on the Death of her Little Son

A. HUYSER

"My William was but loaned to me,
He was not all my own.
God took him back to Paradise
And left me here alone.

"Ah! happy was I in his smile,
And pleased to hear his voice.
His cheery prattle filled each room—
The house seemed to rejoice.

"'Twas hard to part—to give him up—
O God, Thy will be done!"
The broken hearted mother wept
In sorrow for her son.

"What would my darling say to me
If God would let him come?"
The very thought allayed the pain
That was so burdensome.

A flash—a gleam—a heav'nly light!
A boyish form appears!
The mother starts, enraptured, dazed—
What sees she through her tears?

Ah yes, it is her William, sure—
How can she e'er forget
His sky-blue eyes and sunshine curls—
His features firmly set?

With lip on lip and cheek on cheek
They clasp in love's embrace.

"Ah, Mother, cease to weep for me,
Let smiles your tears replace.

"Do you not know that had I lived,
A bad, bad man I'd been?
That's why God took me from this world
Of wickedness and sin.

"Our Lord's so good and loving, too—
Oh if you could but see
How He has fixed a throne for you
And placed it right by me.

"Employ your time in doing good,
In prayer and works of love,
And God who took me to Himself
Will take you up above."

A parting kiss, a last embrace,
The vision was no more.
Her boy with God—her precious child—
Why now her loss deplore?

Sweet peace like balm her soul o'erspread—
She, too, would be His own.
"My God!" she prayed, "Let me not be
Unworthy of my throne."

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—The startling suggestion has been made that the earth's interior should be tapped for power. Fantastic plans of a bore hole twelve miles deep are proposed. Practically, the idea is being carried into effect at Lardarello, Italy. Pipes are driven into the earth to a depth ranging from 198 to 495 feet. Natural steam from the volcanic substratum is lead through the pipes to the engines. Over 10,000 horsepower is thus converted into electrical energy.

—Enterprising music dealers are now playing the latest phonograph records into a wireless telephone transmitter. Prospective purchasers may listen at some convenient amateur wireless receiving station.

—A new automatic wireless transmitter will send any one of sixty radio messages by merely pulling a handle after inserting a plug into a hole labeled with the desired message. The pilot can send messages in this manner without knowing the code.

—Freezing fruit to preserve it is the discovery of the Department of Agriculture. Strawberries, grapes, cherries, and other small fruits, as well as tomatoes, can be kept intact by cold. Fruits frozen to a temperature as low as 10 degrees F. and then stored in a temperature not above 16 degrees, will keep for several months.

—Matches of iron result from the alloy of the rare earth metal cerium with iron. This alloy is used in the familiar pocket-lighters. By turning the little wheel of the lighter, a spark ignites an alcohol wick. The iron match, which takes the place of a whole box of matches, is safe and economical.

—A tooth solvent promises to take the place of the bore for the dentist. By dipping a tiny swab into the liquid and applying it to the surface to be treated, both dentine and enamel can be painlessly removed.

—Stand on one foot and test your steadiness. It is not easy. You sway after a time. It was thought a few years ago that such tests, conducted in a laboratory, would reveal a man's fitness for a certain job. Psychologists now find that the problem is not so easily solved.

—An airplane without engines! Eagles and vultures have been observed to fly without the slightest apparent motion of their wings. Clearly they know how to use the fluctuations in the air currents. Can man do the same? The problem of engineless flight has been attacked in Germany. The machines used are termed 'gliders,' built like the airplane, but engineless. A man runs with the machine down hill, or gets a start some other way.

—Daylight saving applied to plants has been found of utmost importance for the plants' primary function—reproduction. By regulating the length of time a plant is exposed to the light, the flowering and seedling period can be hastened or prolonged.

—X-rays cannot pass through lead. Too long an exposure to X-rays will destroy living tissue. To prevent danger to the operator, the new Coolidge tubes are made of lead glass, with a small window of ordinary glass to allow the escape of the rays only in the direction desired.

—Brokers now send the market fluctuations to their clients by wireless.

—Alighting on water or on land is the quality of the 'amphibian' airplanes. The wheels for alighting on land are drawn up when alighting on water.

—Saving twelve thousand acres of forest a year is the result of treating the butt of telegraph poles to prevent decay. A pure coal tar distillate is used, which is forced into the pores of the wood by an enormous pressure.

—Reliable medical authorities have recommended the thin skin of an egg as an excellent dressing for burns and cuts. The thin film that is just inside the shell remains sterile if one's hands do not touch the inner surface before applying it to the wound.

—Metal tips and heel plates will prolong the life of a shoe, but at the same time, they will scrape all the varnish off the floors on which they travel. This disadvantage is now overcome by a steel disk which is countersunk into the sole of the shoe so that disk and sole strike the floor at the same time.

—Bricks made from pulverized cinders, slag, lime, and coke, have proved very successful.

—Hammering water to drive machinery is the principle of what has been termed one of the most startling inventions of our time. A pebble dropped into a pond will generate ripples. These are power waves. In the new system, the power waves are enclosed in flexible pipes. The source of the power waves is a small piston which acts like a hammer on the enclosed water. The impulse is carried to the end of the flexible tube where the wave operates drills, jack hammers, etc. A pipe line may be branched so as to serve a number of machines. The striking feature is that the water itself is not moved, though the wave impulse is transferred. This resembles the onward motion of ripples in a pond, though a cork shows that the water itself does not move onward.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

—In the province of Honan, China, and in parts of the province of Shantung, starvation stares some thirty or thirty-five million people in the face. The multitudes are now living on roots and leaves of trees. Some parents have sold their children for a paltry sum. Whole families are said to have been driven to suicide. It is estimated that it will take \$200,000,000 at once to save these poor people from utter destruction.

—The monastery at Marianhill in southern Africa

will print in the Zulu language the Sacred Scriptures which will be used as a textbook in school. A paper in the Zulu tongue is printed at the monastery.

—The Jesuits, who have recently been permitted to reestablish themselves in Germany, are divided into two provinces.

On March 2 lightning struck St. Louis Church, at Buffalo, N. Y., and set it on fire. The flames were extinguished after \$25,000 damage had been done.

—With respect to patronizing the Catholic press we might take a lesson or two from northern Europe. Germany has 277 Catholic daily papers (more than all the rest of the nations together) and 312 Catholic weeklies. Austria has ten Catholic dailies, while Belgium has thirty-one, Ireland four, and France eighteen. The Catholic population of Holland is between two and three millions, yet that progressive little country has twenty-six Catholic dailies and eighty-four vigorous Catholic weeklies. We, on the contrary, with our boasted millions of Catholics have just launched our first English Catholic daily which is even now struggling for an existence. Besides this there are eight foreign language Catholic dailies in our land. Mexico has thirty Catholic dailies to her credit and Canada ten.

—The Laetare Medal, awarded each year by Notre Dame University on Laetare Sunday (the fourth Sunday of Lent) to some noted Catholic layman, was presented this year to Miss Elizabeth Nourse, a famous painter and a woman of exceptional piety and goodness.

—In a drive for the Catholic High School, at Evansville, Ind., Francis J. Reitz, president of the City National Bank, gave the sum of \$25,000. Mr. Reitz, who has a fair portion of this world's goods, is a very generous donor to charitable causes.

—The Holy Father has honored the Knights of Columbus by inviting them to organize community welfare work throughout Italy. Athletic clubs for Italian youths will be part of their program.

—Scotland has a Catholic population of 603,094, and of this number 43,094 were added in one year.

—The energetic Archbishop Mundelein of Chicago has purchased 25,000 barrels of flour for the families of the middle class in Austria and Germany.

—The vacant See of Wichita has been filled by the appointment of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. S. J. Schwertner, Chancellor of the Diocese of Toledo.

—An officer of the British Army, a Jew, who, because of the devotion and fidelity of the Irish troops under him, was converted to the faith in Palestine, made his submission and received baptism in the Convent of Sion in Bayswater, London.

—The National Catholic Welfare Council's social program for social reconstruction has attracted the attention of readers and thinkers outside the Church. The Anglicans have reprinted it.

—To alleviate the acute suffering of famine-stricken China, the Holy Father donated 200,000 lire, which is equivalent to about \$40,000 of our money.

—The only property that the late Rt. Rev. John P. Farrelly, Bishop of Cleveland, O., had to bequeath was the diocesan property that he made over by testament to his successor.

—At the instance of His Eminence Cardinal Mercier a "League of Large Families" has been established in Belgium. This League would abolish the slums, obtain grants for widows with children and preferential treatment in public appointments, and educational grants for members of large families.

—Between forty and fifty thousand men of greater Boston took part in the spiritual retreats that were held during Passion week in more than twenty-five churches. These retreats have been an annual occurrence for forty years.

—Mgr. Nawrocki, for thirty-five years pastor of St. Mary of Perpetual Help Church, Chicago, a great friend of the poor and distressed, died recently. The archbishop, several bishops, and 500 priests, besides an immense throng of the sorrowing faithful, who packed the streets around the church, attended the funeral.

—The Catholic press was in error, so we are informed, in its recent announcement of the conversion to the faith of Meredith Nicholson, one of Indiana's noted novelists, playwrights, and poets.

—It is noteworthy that on the very day on which the crime was committed that enkindled the world war in 1914 John Pichlemaier, a Munich editor, founded a religious order, the Sisters of the Holy Family. The object of the new institute is to foster family life, which in the latter years of the war was so terribly shattered. The young society, which opens especially to widows a large field of social activity in caring for young girls of the laboring classes, now has ecclesiastical approbation. Several homes for working girls have been established. The Sisters also offer their services in the homes of private families.

—The Holy Father's charity is universal. He receives large sums in alms and he is quite as liberal in dispensing alms. He looks neither to nation nor to color, for all are his children. Wherever the need is urgent, there he seeks to allay pain and suffering. Sometime ago he gave the starving people of Ukrania 100,000 lire besides donating 1,000,000 lire towards the founding of a Ukranian Greek-Catholic seminary at Rome.

—Hebrew is now one of the official languages of Palestine. Public documents are to be posted in Hebrew too.

—112,000 underfed children of Central Europe have been placed in other countries to recover, if possible, from the effects of their long fast and consequent illness.

—The National Catholic Welfare Council has inaugurated a campaign for the elimination of indecencies from the motion pictures and from the stage. The organization disclaims any intent to advocate or encourage "blue laws," or to seek the prohibition of

moving pictures or legitimate entertainment on Sundays. The only object in view is to rid pictures and plays of uncleanness and immorality. Legalized censorship will not be resorted to unless the producers, distributors, and exhibitors fail to make good in their announced house-cleaning campaign.

—Bishop Drumm has established a Catholic School Board in his episcopal city of Des Moines. This Board, which consists of priests and laymen, is later on to be extended to the whole diocese.

—The City of Mexico is planning to erect a monument in honor of Queen Isabella of Spain, who materially aided Columbus in his search for a shorter route to India.

—It seems probable that December 12, the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, will be made a national holiday in Mexico.

—It is said that the number of languages spoken by men is 2138.

—In the United States, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, the Masons have a membership of 2,086,808 in 15,223 lodges.

—Abraham's wells at Beersheba in Palestine are now equipped with modern pumping machinery, but Ronald Storrs, Governor of Jerusalem, will not permit tram cars to run to Bethlehem and the Mount of Olives.

—A remarkable occurrence was the falling off and tumbling down of the top of Mont Blanc on Nov. 23. A vast amount of snow and ice, together with a great quantity of rocks, rolled down the mountain side for a distance of ten miles. A beautiful Alpine forest on the slope of the mountain was wiped out of existence by the avalanche that plunged downward like a waterfall until it reached the Italian village of Pourtoud, which was spared almost as if by miracle.

—Father Wm. J. Harrington, assistant pastor of St. Luke Church, St. Paul, former chaplain of the 151st Field Artillery, has been elected chaplain of the Minnesota State Senate.

—The "University of Dayton," which is under the control of the Brothers of Mary, has an enrollment of over 2500 students. Of this number 1572 are attending the K. of C. night school.

—The students of St. Xavier High School, Cincinnati, have pledged \$1,000 to the foreign mission fund by the end of the present school year.

—An International Catholic Congress is to be held at Graz, Austria, next summer from August 8 to 12. Delegates are expected from twenty countries. The Holy Father has given his blessing to the great undertaking, which is an effort to unite the Catholics of the whole world. The "International," which was organized at the Hague last summer, aims among other things to establish an international news service for furnishing the Catholic press of the world with daily news, to upbuild the press in all lands, to combat all anti-Christian propaganda, which is in opposition to the Church. Such a world-wide movement surely deserves the hearty support of all Catholics.

—Rev. Damasus Dandurand, O. M. I., of Winnipeg, Canada, was 102 years old on March 23. As the aged priest is confined to his bed, he was unable, the first time in many years, to celebrate Mass on his birthday.

—Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith, an eminent author and dramatist, is the founder of the Catholic Actors' Guild, "which," as he says, "has assembled a list of one hundred plays, especially written by Guild playwrights, for production at the parish theaters." He also says, moreover, "we hope to have traveling companies on parish theater circuits next fall."

—Among the older generation in this country we might mention Louis Neumann, of Oconomowoc, Wis., who, hale and hearty, has just passed the hundredth milestone. Another is a Civil War veteran, Capt. Thomas Edwards, of Viola, Wis., who is three years old plus one hundred. A third super-centenarian is Mrs. Mary Ann Potter, of Dwight, Ill., who was one hundred and seven on Feb. 23.

—The Holy House of Loretto, in which, according to a venerable tradition, the Word was made Flesh, and which is said to have been transported across the sea to Italy by angel hands, was damaged by fire but was not reduced to ashes as reported. The altar and the famous picture of the Madonna were destroyed. Loretto was one of the world's most famous places of pilgrimage.

—Gold is said to have been discovered in the very heart of Denver. With two bags of the precious metal that they had dug from city lots, two miners presented themselves in the Recorder's office to file a mining claim. According to Colorado law minerals may belong to the one who first files the mining claim, it matters not who owns the land.

—Mail has been carried by aeroplane from San Francisco to New York in twenty-five hours and fifty-three minutes actual flying time. The total time required was thirty-three hours and twenty minutes.

—In the province of Kansu, China, a severe earthquake that spread destruction over 40,000 square miles occurred in February. Many lives were lost and in some instances even whole villages were destroyed.

—The New York Assembly has voted the repeal of the daylight-saving law.

—Is America paved with gold or are we running headlong to the poorhouse? Just one of our many automobile manufacturers, Henry Ford, stated that he had orders for over 78,000 deliveries in March.

—The Diocese of Cleveland will erect to the memory of its recently deceased bishop a group of buildings for the care of orphan boys, orphan girls, and needy aged.

EUCCHARISTIC

—The week-day noon-hour Masses during Lent at St. Andrew's Church, New York, are said to have drawn such immense crowds that people were packed to the curbs of the streets. At least one conversion

is recorded as a result of these demonstrations of faith.

—The Church of St. Honore d'Elyau in Paris is held up as a model parish, an example of the flourishing life of the Catholic Church. The congregation consists of two classes of people, the working classes and the wealthy. The parish has two chapels in which twelve Masses, with a sermon after each, are said on Sunday. One of these Masses is exclusively for men. On Fridays the Blessed Sacrament is exposed and on the first Sunday of the month it is carried in procession. From 1914 to 1920 the Holy Communions increased from 233,000 to 375,000.

—The new President of Nicaragua, Don Diego Manuel Chamorro, received Holy Communion on the morning of his inauguration and, after the inauguration ceremonies were over, he went to the Cathedral to attend the singing of the Te Deum, a service customary on that day. Later in the day he sent a telegram of loyalty to the Holy Father who replied in his usual gracious manner, felicitating the new president and imparting to him and his people the apostolic blessing. On the occasion of his inauguration the new president openly professed himself a Catholic and promised to give the Church the support and protection guaranteed by the constitution because he considered the Church to be "the true mother of modern civilization and the source of free institutions." He stated, moreover, that the independence of authority and freedom of opinion of all sects and creeds would be fully assured. How different that sounds from the assertions made by the bigots of our country.

—When Bishop Kelly of Grand Rapids makes his approaching *ad limina* visit to Rome, he will take along the names of 30,000 members of the Holy Name Society, together with a statement that that number received Holy Communion on a single day in one diocese of the United States.

—Someone has made the suggestion that, to renew the fervor of their flocks, pastors should celebrate the golden jubilees of First Holy Communion. For the same reason a silver jubilee was likewise suggested.

—Church union is making progress in Europe. Recently we noted the conversion of Dr. Albani, one of the foremost leaders in the movement. Now word comes that, in order to satisfy the steadily increasing Catholic sentiment, the Evangelicals of Berlin have begun to celebrate Mass. Unfortunately the minister is an apostate priest. God grant that his eyes may be opened.

BENEDICTINE

—The Trappist Abbey, at Gethsemani, Ky., which no longer keeps permanent priest boarders, now has room for week-end retreatants. The Louisville K. of C. Council has arranged for a retreat beginning July 8.

—St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kan., has been added to the list of colleges that are accredited to the State University of Kansas.

—Fathers Eustace, O. S. B., and Michael, O. S. B., of St. Ottilien, Bavaria, for many years on the foreign

missions in East Africa, are in this country collecting for the upbuilding of their ruined missions and leper colonies that were destroyed by the ruthless hand of the late war. About 2000 lepers were under their care until the English tore the missions from their work of charity and mercy. They hope, however, before long to be permitted to return to their mission fields in the tropics. Just a few priests of their community, Swiss by birth, were allowed to remain among the natives. Thus the war God throttles the modern Christian hero and deliberately thrusts the heathen and pagan back into the darkness of ignorance, superstition, and demon worship—and all in the name of civilization.

—The convert Benedictine monks of Caldey are in sore straits. After their conversion to the faith the right to their island home was questioned. Efforts are now being made either to expel them or to defraud them of a large amount of money. If they receive no help, they will be forced by next year to sell the island. American Catholics will surely lend them a helping hand. The columns of THE GRAIL are open to record subscriptions for them.

—The Rev. Desiderius, O. S. B., founder of the Beuron School of Art, passed his ninetieth birthday on March 12th.

—In a circular letter, Bishop Brossart, of Covington, Ky., sent out word that Rev. F. Eudine, O. S. B., of Farnsworth Abbey, Haints, England, had written that he would come to America after Easter to deliver practical and theoretical lectures in Gregorian Chant.

—The Court of Appeals, at Orleans, France, has decreed that a certain piece of property on the Rue Monsieur, Paris, formerly belonging to the Benedictines, be handed over into secular hands.

Benedictine Chronicle

Contributed by A. B.

—His Majesty King Albert on a visit to the Abbey of Ligugé, at Chevetogne, Belgium, decorated the Rev. P. Robert Godet, O. S. B., with the insignia of "Knight of the Order of Leopold II" in recognition of services during the late war. Dom Godet is the editor of St. Benedict's *Bulletin* which is published at Chevetogne.

—The renowned Bavarian Congregation of Benedictines, which numbers 500 monks in five abbeys and six priories, held its General Chapter on March 28th.

—Rev. P. D. Norbert Niewlandt, O. S. B., of Maredsous Abbey, Belgium, has received from ex-President Poincaré a citation of distinction and merit for his heroism in assisting the French soldiers during the war.

—On his return to Italy from England, His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet, O. S. B., President of the Pontifical Commission for the revision of the Vulgate, was named Archivist of the Holy Roman Church. His Eminence was formerly librarian of the Vatican.

—The review, "Studien und Mitteilungen," edited at the ancient Abbey of St. Peter, at Salzburg, Austria, has resumed publication for the first time since the war. Another review, the "Benediktinische Monatschrift," which takes the place of St. Benedikt's Stimmen, published by the monks of Beuron, was resuscitated several years ago.



Children's Corner

Agnes Brown Hering



DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—During the month of May let us say some special prayers in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary. If you live where you cannot attend daily Mass, you may arrange a representation of an altar in your home. If you are not so fortunate as to have a statue, you may place a picture of the Blessed Virgin in a prominent place and put a fresh bouquet of flowers in front of it each day. At night before retiring, ask the family, or at least your brothers and sisters, to join with you in saying the Litany or the Rosary. You may also sing a hymn of which there are many pretty ones. You will be surprised how happy you will feel and how much spiritual benefit you will derive therefrom.

First Holy Communion

"Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples whom Jesus loved."—St. John 13:24.

On Jesus' breast to lay thy head,
To find repose on Jesus' Heart!
What treasures in these words are said,—
How privileged, St. John, thou art!

Oh, say who would not envy bear
To one whose love was thus repaid!
Who would not wish that joy to share,
And lay his head where John's was laid!

Yet surely thou'lt envy not
That mark of purest love divine:
Is not thine own that happy lot?
Is Jesus' Heart not nigh to thine?

Ah, child of earth, know well today
The honor thus bestowed on thee;
And surely through all life's wild way
Thou'lt show how grateful thou canst be.

'Tis ever with renewed surprise
The star-bright heavens we behold,
Adoring Him who through the skies
Flung out those brilliant worlds of gold.

We wonder at the ocean's might
When billows thunder on the shore;
And o'er the billows' crested height
The great Creator we adore.

Yet He who sets those stars above,
Who made the mighty, seething main,
Now stoops to thee with endless love
Thy trembling little heart to gain!

This happy day, that gracious God
To thee Himself, His all, has given:
Thy humble heart is His abode
Whose praises seraphs chant in heaven!

This day my one petition is:
That through thy life thou be as John,—
As bravely, purely, nobly His,
And His loved Mother's loving son.

T. A. MURPHY, C. Ss. R., in *The Ligourian*.

What Choice Would You Have Made?

From the following edifying narrative, which appeared in the *Negro Child*, we can see how to be real apostles. Just notice how the grace of God works in the "wild" children in the wilds of Africa. Ought not His holy grace to act just as powerfully in the hearts of our "civilized" boys and girls?

Writing from the village of Akork, Fang, Africa, a missionary says that at his mission school he had prepared for Baptism and First Holy Communion four sisters of whom the youngest was only ten and the eldest about fifteen. After some time the father, who was a pagan, came to get his children. With tears streaming down their cheeks, they begged that they might be permitted to remain, but he would not listen to them.

The devil still has great influence over the pagans and without a doubt he was trying to undo all the good work of the missionary. If so, he was fooled this time as you shall see.

In their eagerness to make the truths of our holy religion known to their less fortunate companions, these young Christians would gather together the children of the village in order to instruct them. So well did they do their work that, when the missionary came to the village, he could baptize them.

Before leaving, he asked the four sisters to return to the mission for the approaching feast of Easter to receive Holy Communion again.

"On the morning of the Resurrection," he says, "my four first communicants arrived, greeting me with a joyful, 'Here we are!' But alas, in what condition! Torn and bleeding! Horrified and overcome with pity, I cried out:

"My poor children! Who could have thus ill-treated you?"

"Oh, Father this is what happened," answered the oldest girl. 'You told us to come to the Mission on the feast of Easter to receive Jesus again. We asked permission, but our father refused; we asked again, wept and begged, but all to no use. Annoyed by our pleadings, the old people said: "Shut up! And if you stir you will receive fifty strokes of the lash!" Well, we said to ourselves, it cannot be helped; And that very evening we got the canoe ready for the journey. Father, they were watching us; our parents did not lie. Oh, fifty strokes from a lash hurt! Yes, indeed; but we had more confidence in ourselves after this. We ran away again, and here we are! Father, will it soon be time for Mass?'

"But, my poor children," I exclaimed, "you should not have come! Why have you exposed yourselves again to such treatment?"

"Why, Father," answered Marie Rose, the youngest girl, "is it really you who are thus speaking? What would you have done, you, a missionary? What choice would you have made,—Jesus or a whipping?"

"I hung my head and only murmured:

"But what about the return home?"

"The return," said Christine, shrugging her shoulders, but at the same time shuddering at the thought, "the return? Ah, well, what matters it after all! Wounds from a lash will pass away,—but Jesus will remain with us always!"

Lesson in Expression

Try to imagine the surprise of King Robert when he reached banquet room and found someone in his place and show the surprise in your voice and manner.

King Robert of Sicily

(Concluded)

There on the dais sat another King,

(*Gesture of indication here*)

Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet ring,
King Robert's self in feature, form and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light.

(*Smile and let face light up with pleasure as you give what follows*)

It was an Angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden angel recognize.

(*In giving the next say "less" not "huss" and speak "speechless," "motionless," "amazed," and "throneless" so they mean something*)

A moment, speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;

Then said, "Who art thou? and why comest thou here?"

(*Reader should employ dignified bearing when impersonating angel. Speak in smooth, even, well-rounded tones. Make gesture with right hand on "thou" toward person addressed. Emphasize, "Who," "here," "Why"*)

To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
(*Assume haughty attitude. Voice shows scorn, contempt, derision*)

"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne."

And suddenly at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests and drew their swords;
The angel answered with unruffled brow,

"Nay, not the King, but the King's jester,
Thou henceforth shall wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shall lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call
And wait upon my henchman in the hall."

(*Emphasize "jester," "counsellor," "ape," "obey," "servants"*)

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding door,

His heart failed for he heard with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber, roar and ring

With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King."

Next morn awaking with the day's first beam,

He said within himself, "It was a dream."

But the straw rustled as he turned his head,

There were the cap and belts beside his head,

Around him rose the bare discolored walls,

Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,

And in the corner, a revolting shape,

(*Make gesture of indication*)

Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.

It was no dream; the world he loved so much,

Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch.

(*Reader step forward and pause slightly before beginning next*)

Days came and went; and now returned again to Sicily

The old Saturnian reign;

Under the angel's governance benign,

The happy island danced with corn and wine,

And deep within the monarch's burning breast,

Enceladus, the giant, was at rest:

Meanwhile, King Robert yielded to his fate,

Sullen and silent and disconsolate.

Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,

With look bewildered and a vacant stare,

Close shaven above the ears as monks are shorn,

By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,

His only friend the ape, his only food what others left,

He still was unsubdued.

(*Emphasize "sullen," "silent," "disconsolate," "bewildered," "vacant stare." Make this very strong*

"He still was unsubdued")

And when the angel met him on the way,

And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,

Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel

The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,

"Art thou the King?" The passion of his woe

Burst from him in resistless overflow,

And lifting high his forehead he would fling

The haughty answer back, "I am, I am, the King."

(*Give the Angel's question in smooth, even tones and*

the answer of King Robert with all the force you can

command. Step backward and pause slightly)

Almost three years were ended; when there came

Ambassadors of great repute and name

From Valmond, emperor of Allemaigne,

Unto King Robert saying that Pope Urbane

By letter summoned them forthwith to come

On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.

The angel with great joy received his guests

And gave them presents of embroidered vests,

And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,

And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.

Then he departed with them o'er the sea

Into the lovely land of Italy,

Whose loveliness was more resplendent made

By the mere passing of that cavalcade

With cloaks and plumes and housings, and the stir

Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials in mock state,

Upon a piebald steed with shambling gait,

His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind

The solemn ape demurely perched behind,

King Robert rode, making huge merriment,

In all the country towns through which they went.

(*Beginning with "And lo!" make a gesture of indi-*

cation with right arm raised almost shoulder high and

pointing with forefinger to show position of King Robert.

Hold this gesture to "King Robert rode." Give

the next brightly and with animation)

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare

Of bannered trumpets on St. Peter's square,

Giving his benediction and embrace,

Fervent and full of apostolic grace,

While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the angel unawares.
Robert, the jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed and cried aloud,
"I am the King. Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man who wears my semblance to your eyes
Is an impostor in a King's disguise.
Do you not know me? Does no voice within
Answer my cry and say we are akin?"

(In impersonating Robert, the jester, do so with strong feeling)

The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed on the angel's countenance serene.
The Emperor laughing said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at Court."
And the poor baffled jester in disgrace,
Was hustled back among the populace.

(Reader change position slightly again. Either step forward or backward)

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky.
The presence of the angel with his light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes, the unwonted splendor saw,
He felt within, a power unfelt before,
And humbly kneeling on his chamber floor
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord,
Through the silent air ascending heavenward.

(Here is an opportunity for an impressive gesture: On "humbly kneeling," kneel on right knee. Clasp hands on left knee. Bow head. Look upward on "sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward." Practice until you can do this with ease and grace)

And now the visit ending, and once more,
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore
Homeward again the Angel journeyed and again
The land was made resplendent with the train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy unto Salerno
And from thence by sea.

And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from Convent towers
As if a better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?"

Then bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both arms upon his breast
And meekly answered him,
"Thou knowest best. My sins as scarlet are,
Let me go hence and in some cloistered school of peni-
tence,

Across those stones which pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot till my guilty soul be shriven."

(In impersonating King Robert, assume attitude suggested by lines, meek tone of voice and penitential or sorrowful expression of face. Music, fitting prelude to Magnificat, may be played softly, beginning with "And seated on the throne in his great hall." Beginning with "The angel smiled," music is changed to Magnificat which should be sung softly by male voices off stage. Singing continues softly to end and until reader has disappeared behind curtain)

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face,
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel, near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat

And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant, a second melody,
Rose like the throbbing of a single string,
"I am an angel, and thou art the King."
King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone,
But all apparelled as in days of old
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor absorbed in silent prayer.

(In giving this poem take plenty of time. If you try to hurry you will spoil it. Practice the impersonations especially. Practice before a critic or several of them. Look up the pronunciation of "courtiers" in the dictionary.)

Physical Culture

Sit erect in a chair. Chest high. Arms hanging at sides.

Raise chest high. Breathe in or inhale.
Lower chest quickly. Breathe out or exhale.
Do this five times.

Bend trunk forward as far as possible. Breathe in.
Raise trunk to upright. Breathe out.
Do this five times.

Bend trunk sideward, to left. Inhale.
Raise trunk to upright. Exhale.
Do this five times.

Bend trunk to right. Inhale.
Raise trunk to upright. Exhale.
Do this five times.

Seated in chair, chest high, fill lungs to utmost capacity. Open mouth wide and say "A—A—A" in singing tone till air is all expelled.

Letter Box

Address all correspondence to Agnes Brown Hering,
Royal, Nebraska.

Observe the following rules when you write for the "Children's Corner": Write in ink on one side of the paper only; letters or stories must not contain more than three hundred words; the number of words should be placed in the upper right hand corner of the first page; the name and address must be signed to every contribution. We do not care for stories about princesses, brownies, fairies, and the like. Stories about animals, birds, children, and flowers will be considered.

21643 Olive St., W. Philadelphia, Penn.

Dear Agnes Brown Hering:—

What a funny name. I am going to be mysterious too. This is my first letter to you and I hope you will enjoy it. I dearly love to write letters and answer them. I will describe myself to you: I am eleven years old, am tall and have blue eyes and blond hair. I am in the sixth grade. Please excuse this writing as I am not a very good penman. I love to read stories, don't you? My favorite author is William Cullen Bryant. I like poems, too. I guess this will be all for this time. Please tell some of the readers to write me.

Your new friend,
ELIZABETH CHEESECAKE.

207 Garden St., Pawtucket, R. I., Mar. 18, 1921.

My dear, dear Friends:

Just the other day, I happened to be glancing over some back numbers of "The Grail" (which I had un-
luckily overlooked) and to my horror and amazement

I read all about the protests against the mysterious Delight Evans. And now I have a startling announcement to make. You see I am Delight Evans, or the one who called herself Delight Evans. I guess I owe all you people an apology. I am so sorry. Won't you forgive me? If it hadn't been for my terrible habit of loving to be mysterious all this would not have happened. I apologize to the real Delight Evans also, and hope she cherishes no ill will toward me. Alas, I seem to be getting deeper into hot water, the more I talk. I noticed some of the letters asking me to write to them. Indeed I would be charmed to do so. I just love to write letters (when I have the time) and I don't have that very often as I am so busy with my school work. We are having exams this week, and having wasted my time all term, I am obliged to study, or, as the common term goes, plug. Please excuse my slang. One of the girls whose letter I saw had a dear name. I think it was Bobbie. I wonder if it was a nickname. Perhaps she will enlighten me. I do enjoy nicknames myself. I have quite a few. They are Jerry, Nick, etc. Oh, I forgot that I hadn't told you my real name yet. Well it's a very unromantic name: Geraldine Payne. I find great pleasure in poetry. I have written some myself, and had it published. Here is one which I have had published and which I now enclose. Perhaps you will be able to use it, and then again perhaps you won't. Please ask all the members of the "Children's Department" to write to me. I think it's the greatest fun to get letters. Why, I could read them all night. Really, it does seem as if this letter will sound stiff and stilted no matter how hard I try to make it interesting. I have such a bad cold, I guess it has got on my nerves. I think colds are such mean things. Oh, dear. I imagine some of the readers must think I am horrid for giving someone else's name. I do hope they will forgive me. I really did not know that such a person as Delight Evans ever existed. I read of the name Delight in a book once and the name Evans I have always liked, so you see it was really a coincidence. I wonder if some of the girls have ever read any of Augusta Huiell Seaman's books. They are certainly interesting. I have just finished reading the "Crimson Patch." If they haven't read it I should certainly advise them to get it. Well, I think I have written enough for one night so I guess I must say good bye. Good bye, dear people, and don't forget to write to your friend (or at least she wants to be)

GERALDINE.

We are glad to hear from you again, Geraldine Payne. Your own name is so pretty that we're glad the other "Delight" objected. Please write again. Thank you for using the typewriter. It saves the editor a deal of work. The poem is fine but our Corner is full now so we will save it for future reference.

The Healing of Watelo

It was a hot July afternoon and in the home of the Indian chief the little son lay very ill, so very ill, indeed, that Chief Fleetwood had sent for the very best medicine man in the Valley. Curious Indians gazed at the boy through the open door, tearing their hair and knocking their heads on the ground.

Inside the hut, the little family grouped around the boy. Watelo opened his eyes and seeing his father whispered, "Send for the kind Father Benedict." Seeing his father's look of perplexity, he whispered, "The white medicine man."

The chief's face grew stern. "Hush, my little chief. By sunset, the best medicine man in the Valley will be here and cure you, and my little Watelo can then grow up to be a strong warrior."

"I do not want those noisy men here," wailed Watelo weakly.

Minneaha, the solemn, dark-eyed sister heard and said to herself that if this sick brother wanted the white medicine man he should have him and slipping out of the hut she ran to her pony. She jumped upon the pony's back and whipping it into a gallop raced across the plains to the town of the pale faces. Mile after mile she rode and as the big red sun was slipping away to rest she reached the white man's settlement.

Watelo had been going to the Mission school and had often described the buildings to Minneaha so she had little difficulty in finding the one where Father Benedict lived. The good Father heard the little girl's story and told her he would go. He saddled his horse and started for the Indian village with Minneaha following.

Meanwhile, at Chief Fleetwood's the Medicine Men had arrived ready to work their magic. The whole village had assembled and were ready to start the weird dance. Grave chiefs sat watching while the braves, women and children shrieked and danced about in a circle. The medicine-men, painted and befeathered, jumped and hooted in front of the boy who lay with eyes closed trying to forget the noise. All night long the dance lasted when at dawn the priest arrived. The Indians stopped dancing and yelling and gazed angrily at the new-comer. Chief Fleetwood stepped forward menacingly fearing that this pale-face would interfere with the magic of the Medicine Men.

While Father Benedict was trying to convince the Indian Father that he had come to do good, Minneaha slipped into the hut and whispered to Watelo that she had brought the priest. The boy opened his eyes and whispered faintly, "Little Sister, I cannot thank you enough for bringing the Good Father. Now, I feel I shall not die. Send him here."

Minneaha told the Chief what Watelo had said and since he was already beginning to feel less hard toward the gentle white Medicine-Man he bowed and said, "Big Chief Fleetwood bids you go to his son." And bowing again, the Chief stalked away.

Watelo did not die and a few hours later it was whispered throughout the Camp that the Pale-Face had brought healing to Watelo.

LORENE SHIELDS, age 13,
Benson, Illinois.

His Faded Roses

(Continued from page 15)

the sanctuary to the sacristy. At its threshold she turned and looked back.

And she saw a stately, beautiful woman leave her place in one of the pews and go nearer to our Blessed Mother's altar. The woman did not pause until she stood close behind the man who was praying at the railing. She laid one hand gently on his shoulder, and stooping whispered something into his ear; and he took her fingers in his and kissed them with utmost reverence.

Miss Morgan smiled rapturously as she watched them pass, hand in hand, down the aisle.

Destruction of Benedictine Missions and Leper Homes in East Africa

Of all the missions in heathen lands those of the Benedictine Fathers in East Africa were among the most flourishing and progressive, for they had been fertilized with the martyr-blood of a bishop, a goodly number of missionary priests and sisters. Besides the ordinary work which is done on every foreign mission, these Benedictine Fathers had the great privilege of founding and conducting some of the very largest leper colonies in the world. In this work they have added new glory to the records of the heroic sacrifices made by Catholic missionaries. Alas! the war like a storm broke in upon them, destroyed many of their missions, devastated their leper colonies, all of which were left in ruins. We do not wish to speak of what our missionary priests and sisters had to suffer in Africa during the war. We have seen distress in Central Europe, yet that of the missions was no less severe, nay was even increased by the pains and anguish that resulted from the disgraceful treatment the missionaries had to undergo. However, all this is over now and every missionary who has come out alive from this furnace of probation has only one object, which he most eagerly desires, reconstruction. The ruins must disappear, new life must be awakened, new progress insured. The ruined missions must become more flourishing and the leper colonies be made even more extensive than they were before the war. To make this possible we appeal to all the readers of THE GRAIL, for they are the friends of the poor and the needy and the sick. They always have a warm heart and an open hand for the afflicted, theirs is the Savior's heart and hand. Indeed, we should think that there are few Catholics that would turn a deaf ear to an appeal for the reconstruction of the ruined missions and devastated leper colonies. Do you realize that "ruined missions" means the leaving of new Christians for years without priests and sacraments to pray and weep on the ruins of the poor mission chapel? Helpless lepers, who used to be so well tended by the heroic Benedictine Sisters, now without anyone to look after them, living often enough only on roots, caterpillars, and clay? Can you really pass them by without making even an effort to help them? These missions must be rebuilt, settlements for about 2000 lepers must be reconstructed. Today everyone knows what is needed in the first place for reconstruction: money, much money. There is plenty of it. Think of the great amount that is spent for pleasures of all kinds, picture shows, tobacco, soft drinks and candy, the latest styles in clothing, rouge and face powder. Well, I do not begrudge you any of these things, but there are in the United States at present two Benedictine missionaries from East Africa who appeal to you for help for their ruined missions and leper settlements. Both these missionaries have seen much active service in the mission field, one of them over eighteen

years, and he has grown gray in the service of the lepers. These priests have come here trusting in God and in the generous Americans that their needs will be supplied so that in a short time they with fifty other missionaries may be able to begin the great work of reconstruction.

I think that old active missionaries like these should not be disappointed in this great country of yours. They have given their lives to the propagation of the Catholic faith and to the administration of charity to the lepers. You surely would not begrudge them the amount of your salary for one day or a week or for even a longer time. You will never be the loser. God is never outdone in generosity. Possibly you have a gold ring or some other piece of jewelry that has been lying around for years. Should you not like to consecrate it to the service of God? Send it to the missionary.

While it is true that many calls have been made of late for help, the present one is extraordinary, it is a missionary of lepers who appeals to you. He is waiting for your alms, which you may send to THE GRAIL or to the missionary himself. Address either THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind., or the REV. F. EUSTACE, O. S. B., Conception Abbey, Conception, Mo.

Will You Help Honor the Graves of the Catholic Soldier Dead?

The National Catholic Welfare Council is collecting a War Memorial Fund to consecrate the graves of our Catholic heroes and to incise the cross upon their monuments.

The United States Government is planning to gather in France in four national cemeteries the bodies of all the American soldier dead who fell fighting for Democracy.

It is estimated that approximately 20,000 Catholic heroes or 20 per cent of the total mortality list of the American dead in the World War will rest in the national cemeteries in France and the United States.

The National Catholic Welfare Council has obtained permission from the War Department to consecrate each Catholic soldier's grave and to mark each monument with the cross, the symbol of his religion.

To meet the expense of honoring the graves of our Catholic heroes, a considerable sum of money will be required. This money is now being collected by the National Catholic Welfare Council and by the sixty chapters of the Chaplains' Aid Association.

American Catholics, mindful of the supreme sacrifice of these brave sons of the Church, should consider it a privilege and an honor to contribute to this fund. Checks should be made out to "The War Memorials Fund, National Catholic Welfare Council," and forwarded to 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.

The Holy Eucharist strengthens our faith, increases our hope, and nourishes our love.—Gerson.

Local Happenings

—While picking correct time out of the air on March 1, Father Columban distinctly heard a Victrola concert at Springfield and on April 1 he attended by wireless a concert at Dayton.

—After an illness that extended over two months, James O'Toole returned on March 2 to resume his work in Third Latin.

—Many of our alumni will remember good "grandma" Vaal who died on Wednesday, March 2, at the advanced age of 83. Winter and summer she walked to church to attend the 5 o'clock Mass and receive Holy Communion daily. According to an oft expressed wish she was laid to rest on the First Friday of the month.

—Father Francis has taken charge of the parish at Huntingburg. Father Simon, whom he succeeds, has gone to Newport, Ky., where he is chaplain at St. Martin's Academy.

—Father O'Rourke, of the Lyons African Mission Society, who spent some years on the missions in Western Africa, entertained us on March 6 with an illustrated lecture on conditions in Liberia.

—The students always look forward to the feast of St. Thomas, Angel of the Schools, for it is a scheduled holiday. Father Thomas was celebrant of the Solemn High Mass.

—Fathers Eustace Fuchs, O. S. B., and Michael Heinelein, O. S. B., missionaries from East Africa, are spending a few weeks with us in the hope that they may obtain from charitably minded people sufficient means to rebuild their missions and leper colonies that were destroyed by the late war. They have brought with them many delicately colored lantern slides that show both the work they are doing in Africa and the results they are accomplishing. We heartily recommend these poor missionaries and their cause to our readers.

—Another of our young men, Father Hilary De-Jean, has been forced to submit to the surgeon's knife for the removal of a troublesome appendix. Although an attack of the "grip," which set in a few days after the operation, caused no little anxiety, we are glad to state that the patient is improving.

—During March the Extension Bureau of the St. Thomas Literary Society gave three illustrated lectures: two on Shakespeare and one on ancient Rome.

—On March 17 the Irish element in the student body put a clever playlet on the stage in memory of St. Patrick.

—Laurence FitzSimon, a student for the Diocese of San Antonio, received from the hands of Bishop Chartrand, at Indianapolis, on March 17 and 18 respectively, the orders of subdeaconship and deaconship.

—John Harlan Clark, of Peonia, Ky., was received into the novitiate on St. Joseph's Day. Bro. Nov. John will be called by a new name when he makes his vows next year.

—Ten of our deacons assisted at the Holy Week and Easter services in outside parishes. Several of the priests of the community were likewise absent. On the first three days of Holy Week Father Anselm gave the Forty Hours' Devotion at New Castle, where Rev. A. G. Wicke, class of '13, is pastor. For the remainder of the week and on Easter he was at Brookville with his uncle, the Rev. Andrew Schaaf, class of '88. F. Richard was at Assumption Church, Indianapolis, F. Ignatius at Howell, F. Paul at Ferdinand, F. Dominic gave a retreat to the academy girls at Ferdinand, F. Benedict was at Sacred Heart Church, Evansville.

—On Holy Thursday Father Justin received the sad news of the death of his father, Mr. Solomon Snyder, of Tell City, who died that morning at the age of 85.

Mr. Snyder, who became a Catholic several years ago, was well prepared for the end and died uttering ejaculatory prayers.

—The beautiful and impressive ceremonies of Holy Week were carried out in the Abbey Church with all the splendor and the exactness demanded by the ritual: the blessing of the palms with an out-of-doors procession, the singing of the Passion on Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, the *Tenebrae* on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, the Pontifical High Mass, general Communion, and washing of the feet on Holy Thursday, the Pontifical Mass of the Presanctified on Good Friday, the blessing of the Easter candle, water, and lamb on Saturday, and Easter with all its pomp and majesty, its glorious alleluias, and rich harmonies, its joyful music and song that stir the soul to its very depths, brought the week of solemnities to a fitting close. The chancel choir, which is composed of voices from the Preparatory and the Theological Seminaries and the Abbey, added much to the attractiveness and beauty of the splendid services.

—The Easter festivities brought a number of visitors. Among others we might mention Mr. F. A. Thuis, of Vincennes, whose three sons, F. Columban, Fr. Stephen, and Nov. Vincent, are in the community; Father Lambert's father, Mr. Frank Enslinger, accompanied by Messrs. Lawrence Reising and Michael Farrell, came from New Albany; Mr. A. P. Mooney, of Evansville, came to see his son Earl who is in the Preparatory Seminary.

—On Easter Monday the students were entertained by the "movies" in the Music Hall.

—March "went out like a lion" bellowing and roaring and tossing his shaggy head. Many colds were a result of the change in temperature. F. Boniface was laid up with a severe attack of tonsillitis; F. Prior was under the weather for several days; Bro. Placidus, our foreman, was confined to his room for sometime with the grip, and, to cap the climax, our pressman departed for the sunny skies of the Southland leaving us to get out the May numbers of our magazines as best we may.

—Early in April F. Subprior was called to Celestine to the bedside of his aged mother who was suffering from an attack of pneumonia.

—The transferred feast of the Annunciation was celebrated on April 4. On the following day occurred the feast of St. Benedict which had been transferred from March 21. There was Pontifical High Mass at 9 a. m. and Solemn Vespers with Benediction at 3 p. m.

—On April 6 the workmen completed tiling the roof of that part of the seminary that was finished late last fall.

—A heavy wind that swept over the hills on the afternoon of April 8 blew down and broke the large derrick that stood on the west side of the new seminary. Fortunately no one was near at the time.

—On April 9 Mr. Will Carrico, of Fancy Farm, Ky., came to visit his son Rudolph and to spend several days with us.

—During the second week in April preparation were made for moving the mailing lists of our two magazines down to the old George Sturm store, the upper part of which is vacant. A new press, as we mention elsewhere in this issue, has been ordered and the printing office is to be enlarged so as to enable us to handle our work which is constantly increasing.

—Bishop Thomas F. Lillis, of Kansas City, class of '85, consecrated the Rt. Rev. Joseph Tief, the new bishop of Concordia, Kansas.

—Rev. Albert Petrasch, of Lincoln, Nebr., class of '90, was recently raised to the rank of Monsignor. Congratulations to the new prelate!

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Bread For Starving Children.

Thanks to the generosity of our subscribers, during the last few months we were able to collect about \$2,500 for the BREAD FUND for starving children of central Europe, especially Austria. Week by week as this money arrived it was immediately forwarded to these suffering countries. But, dear friend, \$2,500 among 2½ millions children gives to each less than 1¢ a piece. How long would your child subsist on 1¢?

Of all the victims of the War, the lot of Austria is the hardest and she and her people are suffering the most. We must remember that her once happy homes, farms, and factories are in ruins. We must remember that she has been despoiled of practically all her resources; live stock, seed for planting, raw material, and machinery. We must remember that she has been robbed of her most fertile territories, that her workers have no employment, no means of production, and no means of subsistence. And we must remember that out of all this the widowed mothers and orphaned children—the innocent victims—are the greatest sufferers.

Who shall be held responsible for all this misery, hardship, and suffering is not for us to judge. But shall we as Catholics, as Christian fathers and mothers allow all this suffering to continue when it is within our power so easily to bring relief? A merciful Providence has blessed us with an abundance of all good things and His eye is upon us to watch whether we will selfishly keep it all for ourselves or whether we will share it with our brethren in need.

Many of our subscribers have contributed towards our BREAD FUND, and many have contributed liberally by making donations of \$25.00, \$50.00, and \$100.00. To all who have contributed we express our heartfelt thanks. But many have not contributed. We now appeal again and beg in the name of Christ and in the name of the army of little children daily suffering the pangs of hunger and crying for bread, to give something towards our BREAD FUND. "According to thy ability be merciful. If thou have much give abundantly, if thou have little take care even so to bestow willingly a little." Christian father, will you not give a day's wages to buy bread for the starving? Christian mother, will you not forego just a few luxuries to help buy the necessities of life for a hungry child?

All we ask of you is to give what you can, and to remember that when giving to the poor you are giving to Christ. "Inasmuch as you have done it to one of the least of these, you have done it unto me." "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." What we lend is not only repaid, but repaid with interest.

The Benedictine Fathers will gladly bear all expenses of collecting and forwarding the money for this BREAD FUND. Address your contributions to

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